THE

SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN



APRIL 1937

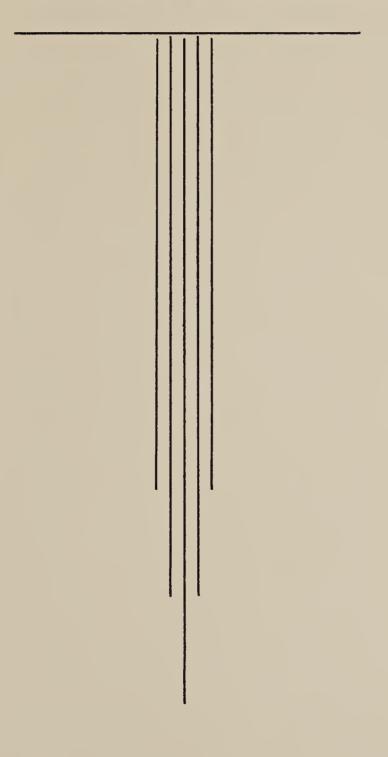






ST. JOSEPH'S

COLLEGIAN



A
LITERARY JOURNAL
of

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

THE

ST. JOSEPH'S

COLLEGIAN

VOLUME XXV APRIL, 1937 NUMBER 7

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AESTHETIC TWINS

By Daniel Raible '37

The time-worn discussion of the superiority of music over literature, or of literature over music, will continue to flourish as long as man is human. For wherever there is humanity variations in opinions exist which by their very subjectivity preclude the possibility of insistent dogmatism. It is possible, however, to set forth certain divergencies and similarities of these two arts, not for the purpose of deciding the issue, but rather as a stepping stone to their more thorough appreciation.

It is necessary at this point to determine the scope of material which the terms literature and music are to embrace in this discourse. They are to be construed in their widest meaning, including everything which in any way approaches the concept of literature or music. For the aim is not to discern the relations between certain types, classes, and periods of literature and music only, but to ascertain any connections between the two as arts.

To begin with there exists a triology nor Naturalism are considered by the of fundamental identities between music author to be much of a credit to their respective fields; they are used here meremunity of origin" in the faculties of man, ly as an example of the common subnamely his intellect, imagination and emostance of the arts they disparage). The

tions. The exact quantity of influence which each of these faculties exerts is, however, a precarious question. Yet to prove that the degree of these influences varies in different periods is quite possible. This proof discloses the second of the triology of fundamental identities. "the parallel history" of the aesthetic duet. Classicism, the emphasis of the intellect in literary productions, was predominant in the eighteenth century. Parallel with this incessant predominance of the intellect in literature was the same trend in music is evidenced by the works of Cherubini. Romanticism was the next literary ism to claim recognition. Its catering to the imagination and the emotions in contradistinction to the intellect likewise spread into the field of music under such composers as Berlioz and Wagner. Moreover, even at the present day, the would-be music of the past and present decade, jazz, with its plethora of licentious suggestions,3 reflects the sordid qualities of Naturalism. (Neither jazz nor Naturalism are considered by the author to be much of a credit to their respective fields; they are used here merely as an example of the common sub-

¹⁾ Paul F. Speckbaugh, "Some General Canons of Literary Criticism Determined from an Analysis of Art," chap. 3

²⁾ Ibid.

³⁾ Ivor Brown, "I Commit to the Flames," p. 37

trilogy is completed by the "community of appeal" of the arts, which in its essence means only that both literature and music appeal to the intellect, imagination, and emotions of man, a fact quite harmonious with their origin. Through this trio of relations the close proximity of these two arts in their bare fundamental concepts becomes patent.

Another sparkling though minor example of the homogeneity of the two arts, one which portrays more forcibly the message of each, is apparent from the ease with which they can be united. As an example of this synchronism the opera stands eminently above all other combinations. Johnson's "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," with its musical accompaniment, as also Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light," to mention only a few, are also sententious examples of the force and compatibility of this aesthetic union.

Thus far the task has been to establish clearly the fact that there exists some general affinity between the two arts in question. Just what constitutes this bond of union and what differentiates these two arts now becomes the main issue.

Undoubtedly the essential distinction lies in the quality of their mediums — not the medium whereby the beauty of the artistic creation is conveyed to the intellect, imagination, and emotions of man, which is the same in all the arts — but the mediums which render the aesthetic products perceptible to an observer. Literature in this regard utilizes the palpable, mundane medium, the printed page; music, on the other hand, utilizes the ethereal, intangible intermediary, sound.

Now the printed page, once it has taken form, remains such unless in some way influenced by extrinsic forces. Not so with sound. Its life depends on the longevity of its vibrations. It is precisely this difference in mediums which distinguishes music from literature most notably.

From the immediately previous contrasting of mediums flows the present distinction. On account of the intangible character of its medium music is expressive rather than representative. By this is meant that instead of presenting its idea in the concrete, in other words representing it, music merely proffers it in the (Programme music must be abstract. excepted). It expresses a mood. Literature on the other hand, with its definite system of words and sentences, presents a specified occasion, person, or object; to represent some unmistakable entity is its function. Because of these specific properties the one art in regard to representation is vague and doubtful; the other, definite and precise.

As proof of the vagueness of the interpretation of music one needs only inquire concerning the images conjured up in different persons' minds while listening to the same selection. Probably all will have experienced a general reaction, either of struggle, yearning, peace, love, or the like; yet no two will have witnessed the same parade of mental pictures. The mental procedures of those who have read a literary production, however, will be basically the same. Save for slight variations due to a better imagination, more profound experience, or deeperset emotions, the plot or theme as visual-

⁴⁾ Paul F. Speckbaugh, ibid.

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ized by one reader will be identical with that of any other reader. From this empirical trial it is possible to conclude that music in its message is indefinite; literature, definite. In as much as the difference of mediums and the precise thought-evoking possibilities of the two have been discussed, the basic dissimilarities of the two arts have been disclosed.

Now to examine the specific similarities between the two. Unlike painting, sculpture, and architecture, the permanent arts, music and literature are progessive. The very term itself is almost self-explanatory, but for the purpose of clarifying the concept of progressiveness as it is used in this connection, it is best to contrast it with permanence. A permanent art is one which offers a comprehensive view of the work upon a momentary glance; a progressive art demands a prolonged attention of the senses and mind before disclosing itself in its entirety. Or to express it differently, the former is grasped by the observer as a unit while the latter becomes a unit only after its constituent parts have been absorbed and then appended one to the other. This indeed is not difficult to understand in the case of the two arts with which we are concerned. Everyone realizes that any piece of literature is not imbibed by merely glancing at the printed page, but by reading word after word, sentence after sentence, until the entire unit has been perused. Music requires the same treatment, where all the notes of the score are not played simultaneously, but in the succession prescribed. It is in this common quality of the two arts that the secret of so many of their similarities is to be found. For were it not for this common spring of progressiveness, rhythm, melody, and to a certain extent, harmony would not be present to strengthen the bond of affinity between the two.

Thus far there has been no exacting need for dividing literature into its two principal constituents, prose and poetry. With the problem of rhythm, however, it becomes a necessity. Along with this division of literature a cleavage between two greatly variant types of music will also alleviate the obstacles encountered in a survey of rhythm. This cleavage will for the present consideration exile plain chant from the great bulk of existing music, the remainder of which will be known as polyphonic music. Having noted these divisions carefully, it is possible to delve into the field of rhythm.

Rhythm, the regular pulsation of accents or quantities, is something intimately connected with life. Its presence is discernible in the beating of the heart, in the circulation of the blood, in respiration, and even perhaps in the blinking of the eyelids. No wonder then that it should manifest itself in the very outpouring of man's inner self — music and literature.

The Romans were wont to exploit two varieties of rhythm, one in their poetry, the other in their prose. Because of its definitely measured beat they termed the former numeri; the latter, due to its unshackled nature, they called soluta oratio. All of which, boiled down to a crystalline state, merely betokens that in poetry rhythm is subsidized by metre, whereas prose is unhampered by any metrical schemes. Poetry, therefore, strictly speaking, has two forms of rhythm; a primary rhythm, the regular recurrence of quantities, and a secondary rhythm, metre. For

want of a more suitable designation the primary rhythm of poetry, synonymous with the rhythm of prose, will be designated as phrasing, while that which is ordinarily known as metre will be so called.

Not difficult in the least is it to ascertain phrasing in poetry. In nearly every poem with any kind of lilt it is easily detected. A few lines, however, from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" will serve to exemplify its presence:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade —

A breath can make them, as a breath has made —

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,

When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

The ends of all the verses of this selection, as throughout the entire poem, offer breathing marks which blossom into an unmistakable series of pulsating rests. It is this identicalness in time quantity which forms the phrasing of a poem. Now besides this patent rhythmical scheme of phrasing in this poem there is the insistent metrical rhythm of iambics, which intensify the rhythmic effect. In this manner most poetry possesses a two-fold rhythmic pattern.

Prose rhythm, soluta oratio, previously referred to as phrasing, is evident in only the masters of prose, and then usually in only a limited number of their works.

Newman undoubtedly was the paragon in this line; De Quincey, Ruskin, Thompson, and several others also enhance their prose works with the vital element of rhythm. The suave smoothness of the following lines and the almost identical length of phrases, portrays its existence in this selection of De Quincey:⁵

O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert, but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

Again in the following excerpt from Francis Thompson's "Essay on Shelley" the same qualities are apparent:

We ask, therefore, for a larger interest, not in purely Catholic poetry, but in poetry generally, poetry in its widest sense. We ask for it from the average instructed, morally hale Catholic, who is not liable to spiritual cold with every breath of outside air. We ask for it especially in the case of verse, of poetry proper, as a mere necessity, if Catholicism is ever to make any impression on this branch of English art. With few ex-

⁵⁾ Collected Writings, "On the Knocking at the Gate," Vol. X, p. 394, (Ed. David Masson).

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ceptions, whatsoever in our best poets is great and good to the non-Catholic, is great and good also to the Catholic;

Now that the rhythm of literature has been marked it offers a basis of comparison for the same quality in music. The rhythm of plain chant is relative to that of prose, because as in prose there is no metre, no recurrent beat, no invariable system of feet; there is phrasing only. Bars are not utilized to divide the notes into groups of identical time value, but divisions are made only as an aid to phrasing. In contradistinction to plain chant is the music of the last few centuries. Not only phrasing but also that recurrent beat, that regular repetition of accents which was designated in poetry as metre plays a significant part in polyphonic music. Phrasing is best illustrated by the very common eight-measure phrase of most music. Although this particular system of measure will be found to vary in some compositions there will always be some method of phrasing perceivable. Actual rhythm, the secondary rhythm of poetry, metre, in polophonic music, is discernible in the regularity of accentuation. This of course differs in many compositions and often within the same composition. All the differentiations of rhythm may, however, be classified in either of two categories; that which accents every other beat, and that which stresses every third beat. Included in the former is the two-fourths time and the ordinary march time; waltzes and pieces written in six-eights time are grouped under the latter.

Melody, a sine qua non of music, in

literature is somewhat doubtful. However, a fertile imagination may find it possible to analogize melody in music — "the golden thread that runs through music" — with the central theme, the nucleus of literary production. Just as harmony, rhythm, counterpoint, and other devices are subservient to melody, so sentence structure, paragraphs, metre, and rhyme scheme are dictated by the requirements of the undelying mood or theme. This comparison may appear a trifle farfetched; yet upon further reflection it will become apparent that though the melodies of music and literature as here stated may not be identical their similarity of function is sufficient to warrant an analogy.

Edward Howard Griggs prefers to approach the problem of literary melody in another way.6 "Prose has, too, its rhythms and melodies: to realize this, one need but compare the organ-like music of De Quincey . . . with the music of a North Sea storm one hears in Carlyle's prose with three accented monosyllables frequently occurring together." Now if this concept of literary melody is to be accepted, then the presence of melody in literature will occur only sporadically. For in almost every literary selection a difficult feat would await one who endeavored to point out such melody. In only a very limited number of prose compositions does such a combination as Griggs mentions or any other arrangement of words occur, and then in all probability not through the intention of the author but merely by accident.

Harmony is another essential of music which is difficult to parallel in literature.

^{6) &}quot;The Philosophy of Art," p. 261

Again the analogy of plain chant and prose holds good and can be dismissed in this regard without further discussion. For plain chant in the strict sense is, as the title designates, a simple unadorned system of notes, and like prose embodies nothing whatsoever of musical harmony. In the field of poetry, however, there seems to be present a cognate quality -that of rhythm. It is a well-known fact that the essence of harmony is the dove tailing, so to speak, of the constituent notes of a chord, the frequency and duration of each note's vibrations blending with those of all the remaining notes of that chord. Thus, for example, the vibrations of an octave are in a ratio of 2 - J to those of its bass note; those of a third, of a 4 - 5 ratio; and those of a fifth, of a 4 - 6 ratio. Produced simultaneously or in quick succession these notes effect one as a concordant group entirely pleasing to the auditory sense. Likewise in poetry the rhyming words possess undoubtedly some common characteristic (whether it be inherent in their vibrations or not is arbitrary) which brings about a pleasing reaction of the auricular nerves. "Believe" and "retrieve" when pronounced successively or after a definite interval seem to undulate with entirely consistent nodes. There is something which causes them to coalesce similarly to the notes of a chord. It is this pleasant mingling which forms the complement of musical harmony in poetry.

Yet one more similarity is evident between music and literature, which although of a structural rather than an intrinsic nature, serves to bind the two arts on another point — that of conveying thoughts. Literature as a language exploits definite marks known as punctua-

tion marks, which make the task of language less uncertain. The question mark signifies a query contained in the message it follows. Similarly with all the punctuation marks, whether they be commas, periods, or exclamation points; each has its specific meaning and purpose. Not a few of these have their counterpart in music. Literature's period is the perfect cadence of music; a chord in the fifth position substitutes the question mark; the comma is represented by any of the remaining cadences, whether plagal, half, imperfect, or deceptive; and an exclamation point can most aptly be likened to a staccato chord with its sharpness of execution. Now to make a dogmatic statement to the effect that the foregoing analogy is without exception would indeed be futile. Moreover, there is no need for such a proclamation, for even if this comparison fail in some instances, it nevertheless helps to determine the very closely allied make-up of the two arts.

The results attained up to this time might be epitomized somewhat in the following manner. Music and Literature have three very fundamental similarities — community of origin, parallel history, and community of appeal, which are bolstered by the common possession by each in varying degrees of rhythm, melody, and harmony. The progressive demeanor of the two arts likewise confirms their affinity and their common uniqueness among the five major fine arts. The few mechanical likenesses pointed out, though rather insignificant, also contribute to the aesthetic mortar of homogeneity. Counteracting all these intimate relations is the divergence of mediums, from which emanates the expressive and representative capabilities of the respective art. Pre-

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cision of thought of the one, together with indefiniteness of the other, is derived from the knowledge of the above-mentioned capabilities.

So far in this treatise music and literature have been treated, except in a few instances, from a predominantly theoretic viewpoint. There should be given some insight into the concrete phase of their relationship.

It is quite feasible to suspect that, because these two arts rest upon such mutual cornerstones, their scope and treatment of subject matter should possess some points in common. There should be works of the one art which lend themselves to comparison in regard to length and general make-up with works of the other art. Such subjects for a comparative analysis are not difficult to determine. The symphony, the supremely beautiful commingling of tones, because of its length and variety of detail, immediately suggests the lengthier works of literature such as novels, epics, and dramas. Suggestive of a short story, a lyric, or a oneact play, due to their minuteness of impression, are the shortest musical numbers. In line with novelettes, ballads, and descriptive poetry are musical opera of a medium length.

As representative material for a comparison we may select the novel of Willa Cather, Death Comes for the Archbishop, and the celebrated Fate Symphony of Beethoven. Because the remaining works of both arts, regardless of length, follow substantially the same pattern, these two will be the only ones alluded to.

Beethoven's symphony is colossal; Cather's novel, extensive. The one portrays the character of a man; the other man's wranglings with Fate. Both cover a vast expanse of life. After having read the novel one has a feeling of mutual suffering and living with Father Latour. A sympathetic encountering of the symphony adds a new experience to one's vicarious catalogue of experiences. To read the novel is to udergo the hardships, trials, and introspections of a missionary's life; to hear the symphony is to obtain an intimate association with Beethoven and to run the gamut of his heartaches and joys. Truly both are parcels of life bound with the ribbon of art.

"Thus does Fate knock at the door," is Beethoven's way of describing his immortal exordium of four simple notes. And throughout the symphony and throughout life Fate continues to knock at the door. Not always, however, with the despair and void of that first quadruplet of notes, but every now and then mitigated by the trifles, the ludicrous realization of life's seriousness. Again and again the composer pawned the sombre minor for the exultant, joyous major, though seemingly never able entirely to discard the Fate motive which persists, although not always melodically, to pervade every movement. Only in the last few measures does the victory over Fate reveal itself, and then in a passage suggestive of the spirit's pursuing of and reposing in its Creator. This was the great German master's method of presenting in music his philosophy of life.

In a like manner does Willa Cather deal with the vicissitudes of un pedant, Father Latour. Scholarly, idealistic, he sees his plans of seminary days fulfilled but always with a note of sadness that his labors are not as fruitful as those of his friend, naive, ingenuous Father Vaillant. He praises the childlike simplicity

and faith of his friend for which he has always yearned. "Blanchet,' said the Bishop rising, 'you are a better man than I. You have been a great harvester of souls, without pride and without shame — and I am always a little cold - un pedant, as you used to say. If hereafter we have stars in our crowns, yours will be a constellation. Give me your blessing." Indeed he lived well his span on earth; yet he ever realized that his depth of knowledge had reaped little harvest as compared with the candid soul of his friend.

Such is the manner by which Willa Cather lays bare the workings of a man's life, just as Beethoven has done in music.

Almost identically, only on a smaller scale, may other works of the two arts be compared. Whereas the symphony,

novel and epic paint a comprehensive view of life, the sonatas, rondos, short stories, and lyrics weave their structure about a single spoke of the wheel of life or about a swift impression one receives as he dares to glance into the beaming sun of life. All are alike in their general subject matter — life; yet some snatch only a phase of that complicated entity, an emotion, while others enlarge upon only the barest fragment of one of life's problems or situations. Whatever the topic may be, no matter how complex or involved, how lengthy or brief, how sad or joyous, both music and literature can present it in manners sufficiently homologous, despite the few divergences, to warrant their recognition as twins of the aesthetic family.

BOVINE TREASURE

By William Kramer '39

Low mutterings of thunder in the west brought little Emil Einstock back from Treasure Island with a start and left him in his father's American parlor in a predicament. Immediately after supper his father, from an ocean of lather, had painstakingly admonished him to fetch home the cow against the time when he himself should come back from Church-Board Meeting to milk her. It had been still light then. Now the full moon was shining, but the western horizon was

vomiting up discontented black clouds which made the great outdoors look darker to Emil than the hold of a Spanish ship. He lost neither time nor courage contemplating it; assured by the wrangling of his two sisters that the rest of the family was safely stowed in the after part of the house he stole unnoticed into the April night.

As his first arduous burst of speed settled into a steady run under half sail, Emil was grateful that he had been

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aroused from his book in time to escape the disappointment of his father; yet he grew apprehensive as he approached an almost abandoned lane that crouched a few hundred feet south of the house. This lane was flanked by a pair of dilapidated rail fences, in whose multitudinous crannies undisciplined scrub wood had spread itself thick, and whose depths the wild moon left in utter darkness. Emil's heart thumped through the solid wall of gloom. Down the narrow central path he fought his way, frightened by the knotty fingers of stunted trees that clutched at his eyes, and spurred by shifting shadows and his well-wrought imagination of one-legged spirits with blood-dripping silver daggers between their toothless jaws.

Emil was near the end of the lane when he became conscious of a rotund little body that had been running before him with a rapid, oscillating motion. After a momentary chill he concluded that here was something he could see anyway, and drawing pistols of courage, he pursued the object faster than ever. The little rotund body, pressed for speed, seemed to spread out into a huge flat body as with a violent increase in its sidewise motion it bust into the open moonlight. Emil was about to do likewise when he was almost tripped by a great black form looming before him. With a scream an old hen dashed by, followed by the dog.

The end of the lane brought Emil to an open expanse of worn-out tile yard. Across the barren land the wind fanned the silver dust of the frail moon, plating the overgrown higher ground in splendor, but leaving the edge of the dug-out valley in well-defined gloom. In the several ponds scattered through the valley the Silver Lady admired her face as in a polished mirror before the threatening clouds should swallow her to destruction. From the level floor of this valley rose numerous mounds of dumped dirt, like the graves of nameless buccaneers, whose lust for silver still taints their death hills by moonlight. Straight ahead arose the biggest mound of them all, an old kiln, which still served as a rendezvous for the juvenile cave dwellers of the neighborhood. Emil descended the four-foot clift — a thrilling descent for a lad in that flat country — to the base braggadocio of the bull frogs, while on occasion one would croak contentedly at his feet and splash into a pond.

Without warning the April breeze broke vigorously upon him. It fanned the heat from his face and chilled his bones in a moment. Soon the clouds rolled up before the moon, leaving Emil to grope in darkness.

On the far side of the valley, a few yards beyond the kiln, Emil found, partly by accident and partly from memory, the old iron wheel to which the cow had been anchored. He felt for the terminal of the long chain, found it, and began hauling in the hawser, expecting the cow to advance with it or at least make known her ponderous presence by resisting. But she neither advanced nor resisted, and as the end of the chain wiggled through his fingers, Emil grew worried. There must have been a thief that night. Father would be grieved at the loss of his favorite, his only Lady Boswell, as he called her. Emil could do nothing. He had neither pistol nor cutlass, and since a cow was not a buried treasure with a map pointing it out he would not have known where to begin had he been armed to the teeth.

Rather nonchalantly he turned his prow homeward to break the news of his discovery. By this time the electrical bombardment that had been growing to a fearful climax above him burst into a torrent of rain. The big drops slapped his light clothes and would have drenched him had he not made hard for the shelter of the kiln. From its dry entrance he watched lightning flash upon the drinking fields.

As soon as his panting lungs had quieted sufficiently to permit his ears to function Emil became aware of the methodic swishing of dry grass gathered in the kiln. Evidently he had not been the first to seek shelter there. Without allowing the old hen to explain herself he tore out into the already passing shower and raced madly homeward. His eyes were blinded by the pelting rain; his trousers flopped limply through the wet grass; his feet splashed into many an unheeded puddle; and his imagination screamed with unseen terrors. Through the dark lane he crashed, ignoring the vicious twigs that scratched him at every step.

When Emil drew near the end of the lane the storm ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and he calmed himself to think once more of the cow. With force the thought struck him that perhaps the

cow had broken loose from her moorings and merely strayed with her tail to the breeze. Why hadn't he searched a little to the leeward instead of so rashly coming to the story-book conclusion that she had been stolen? It was too late now. The black lane was behind him, and a cuddling bed before.

When he arrived in the vicinity of the barn he noticed a light inside. That light meant that his father was home and would now discover that Emil had not obeyed him when he had given the order. Perhaps even the blame for the theft would fall on his negligence, which gave the thief time to get away in the dark. If there had been no thief Emil would lie in bed in disgrace while his father went out to seek the strayed cow.

In his despair Emil abjured story books forever. His first impulse was to slip away to bed unnoticed. But that would only prolong the agony of what must happen sooner or later. Mustering courage he steered toward the partly open barn door to tell what must be known already. Perhaps by a confession he could temper the inevitable. Cautiously he looked in. The cow stood in her stanchion where he had secured her earlier in the evening.



PORTFOLIO OF COMPOSERS

By Alvin Druhman '37

Whenever I listen to a piece of music by any of the well-known composers I find myself comparing it with other works by the same author. By so doing I seem to discover a certain particular quality or mood running through most of his compositions. Of course to perform this operation on the constellations in the musical heavens such as Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner is impossible. Their genius burns with all moods, all qualities. But with some of the single, brightest stars this can be done. Here I will give the result of some of my inquiries.

About fifty years ago when the world was not quite over the "hang over" of the Industrial Revolution and experienced that "morning after" feeling, there arose a figure that was to put the world on its feet once more by alkalizing it with his music. That man was Johann Strauss. The character of his music was just the remedy for all the headaches and sadness that have accompanied the radical changes of the time.

From practically all his compositions there radiates a certain exhilaration. And within such magic the spell of happy forgetfulness shades the monotonies and aches in the souls of everyone. Strauss invites, and all the beauties of the waltz flash upon us. Our minds dance, sway, and sweep to those gems in three-quarter time just as the bodies of the folk of

Vienna did in the time of the composer. Strauss waves his wand, and behold, our drab thoughts are transformed into happy, light and soaring meditations just as the beer and ale of the peasants was changed to a veritable heady elixir as they sipped their beverages to the melodies of this king of waltz.

To prove this, one has but to search through his *Blue Danube* and *Tales of the Vienna Woods*. The beauty of these two pieces is positively unparalleled in their sphere; indeed it doesn't require a great deal of concentration to capture and recapture the mood and the feeling of floating on sunset clouds when listening to Strauss.

The performance of one of this composer's pieces, Perpetual Motion, in New York last summer was a fine example of his spirit of gaiety. The orchestra was racing through gales of that exhilaration, that unique breathlessness that is experienced only by a feeling of speed. The audience was exceptionally receptive and riding with the music in its streamline defiance of opposition. Suddenly the orchestra came to a skidding halt at a very unexpected place. To say that everyone was astounded would be no expression at all of the complete surprise of the audience. And the conductor turned calmly around and said whimsically, "Ad infinitum."

Whether Strauss wrote it in that very way I couldn't say, but it certainly would not have been out of harmony with his style if he did. And if Johann were at that concert he probably would have stepped up to the conductor with a merry look in his eyes and said, "That's the way I would have it played."

As a complete contrast to Strauss we have Grieg. There is nothing of the sparkling exhilaration of the waltz king. On the contrary, a spirit of sadness, melancholy and mild oppression pervades most of his works. Some will evince as the reason for this his poor health; others, the character of coldness and stolidity that seems to inhere in the northern races. For Edward Grieg was a Norwegian. Yet whatever the cause may be, the effect is undeniable. In fact, one or two of his compositions even lack climax because of this particular moodiness.

Examine for instance his Last Spring where the effect is unmistakable. That composition embodies all the delicate melancholy of a man feeling for the final time the mild heaviness of soft gusts laden with the lavender scent of lilacs; the simple beauties of a violet covered hillside, a dandelion studded meadow. Or again the same sadness is discerned in his Peer Gynt Suite where he wrote a symphonic poem about an aged woman dying in a cold cave on a northern sea coast. The woman looks out over the frigid waters battering the craggy shore and sees the sun rise. But even that blazing orb seems cold to a woman in that condition. The first movement of the composition is called "Sunrise." Artistically it portrays the sensations of the dying person as she gazes out upon her last vision of dawn.

And as the sun has reached its fullest morning beauty, enriching the surrounding clouds with its splendor, the woman passes off into the "land of setting suns."

Even Anitra's Dance, an exquisite composition, which invariably recalls for me the several dances of Salome, the price of which was the head of John the Baptist, has in places traces of that heavy, resigned melancholy.

Then there is a man who to my mind captured and walked in the atmosphere of Paganism, musically speaking. He is Debussy, one of the moderns. It seems to me that the very temperature of indolent and sensuous Greece, Rome, and Persia permeate quite a few of his works. And while I am not familiar with some of them, I can certainly say that my hypothesis is correct in regard to his Afternoon of A Faun.

The very first combination of notes are of a lush and dreamy quality, and while the best music is not representational it is not hard to visualize emerald Persian gardens with crystalline waters sparkling from their central fountains. The whole atmosphere is heavy with oriental perfume. Then nonchalantly the little faun wakes up from his siesta, gazes about, decides to play, has a rollicking time, and again lies down for another sleep.

The mental impressions and the sensations one would feel under those conditions are recorded in melody by Debussy in this Afternoon of A Faun. Yet the piece is not that specific. It has the universal appeal of pagan romance and pagan customs. The Roman richness and sensuality, the Grecian beauty and atmosphere are likewise present; yes, all our dreams and pleasant imaginings, all our flights of fancy about the days of

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Athens and the Rome of the Caesars are here in music.

But to music of this vein there could be nothing more opposed than that of Cesar Franck, also considered one of the moderns. His life and the product of his life, musical architecture, were filled with the deepest spirituality and Christianity. Since enough has been said by way of appreciation of his *D Minor Symphony* I would like to remark on his well-known *Panis Angelicus*.

In few songs are words and music so harmonious. The beginning is replete with a sense of reverence and holy awe that the "Bread of Heaven" should become "the Bread of men." It is the perfect expression in music of the wonderful uplifting of humanity that the "poor slave and the humble should partake" of this divine food. But oh, the repetition of "pauper servus et humilis!" How that embodies every feeling of the staggering mystery. Frail flesh, omnipotent nourishment!

Though the melody in the second stanza is practically the same as in the first, the atmosphere changes to one of profoundest petition, "Per tuas semitas, duc nos quo tendimus, ad lucem quam inhabitas!" What there is in a melody so little changed that make it have an altogether different mood is mystifying. The words assuredly have something to do with it; yet I am convinced that they certainly are not the complete solution. The answer, I believe, is in the pure artistic soul of the composer. Since every artist gives something of himself in his work, I believe that Cesar Franck gave us those emotions which he felt in writing the hymn, and since his inspiration was so overflowing, he gave us the exact change that was in his soul, with so little change in melody.

Then there is a musician who died too young in life to produce many great works. Nevertheless, his greatest work, the opera *Carmen*, and some of his minor compositions give me sufficient cause to describe Bizet as fatalistic.

All of *Carmen* is written in that mood. All the events in the opera are madly propelled by a certain blind driving force, as it were, until, at one of the crucial points, Carmen tells Don Jose's fortune with a deck of cards, and then tells her own. The cards say that they will both be killed. But that does not perturb her; she throws up the cards and grimly resigns herself to destiny.

The overture which gives some of the principal themes of the performance impresses me as being doggedly resigned to a power that has destined the life of every man and works out his fate accordingly. Man has no part to play in his own life, but is directed like a mere checker on the board of his years in the world.

Particularly has the Araganaisse that mood, a melody which says that everything in life is inevitable. The possible exception is the Toreador Song. True, this is happy and care-free, but to me to is not at all inharmonious because it suggests the fact that while everything is more or less predestined, man still puts on a bold front, still tries to seem happy in his fate. The Habanero certainly, and the Flower Song too, hammer away at that fatalistic theme.

Very different from this morose quality is the bright music of the great romanticist, Felix Mendelssohn. In a world free from all physical privations with a soul singularly gifted in the line of music he produced some of the finest works of the whole school of Romanticists.

A typical illustration is his Midsummer Night's Dream overture. Gay and delicate it breaks the mind to a savory dish of dancing nymphs, flickering fireflies, rustling summer breezes in green trees. But most of all it idealizes for all times one of the most beautiful things in life, love, youthful love, in the poetic summer time. All the loveliness of sweethearts sitting in rippling moonlight reflected on the lazy stream which flows near. Yes, all the eternal promises, all the fancy, the planning of love are discerned. What of the rest of the world when lovers can move in a paradise of two, a paradise perpetuated in music by Mendelssohn.

Then there are two composers perhaps more familiar to the average modern person than any of the others already mentioned. They are Ethelbert Nevin and Victor Herbert. Both wrote music of a lighter type; both lived about the same time.

In Nevin I find a certain seriousness, a certain picturesqueness. As the pleasant scenes of nature delight the eye, so do the melodies of Ethelbert Nevin, the ear. An exposition of his *Venetian Suite* will clarify matters.

This composition has three parts, the first two of which we will discuss here. It opens with the radiant *Dawn*. The city of canals is aroused for the day's duties in the first spreading chords. Soon the gondolas are seen slowly, gracefully propelled by the romantic gondoliers. And the day has begun. That is the story behind the composition, but the music certainly does not confine itself to the waters of Venice. No, it ascends into the balmy Italian air, relating in exquisite harmonies

the glamor, the splendor of dawn in that clime. The whole sky at first blinks at the sudden brightness after a night of placid moonlight. The clouds, unable to resist the grandeur, give themselves willingly to the sun's gentle invitation to take on its tints. In short, the entire heaven smiles, and the grateful city below with its streets reflecting the upper beauties returns the smile, happy in its privilege to know life.

The second part, The Gondoliers, is

the idealized concept in music of these happy rowers. The beginning is a melodic exposition of their jovial character. They gather about the wharves in light conversation, but when evening comes they launch out in the streets of water and slowly row lovers about to their places of trysting. And as the gondolier stands above them seated in the cabin, his heart, too, fills with romance. Indeed the music tells us that very clearly by its transition from a mood of joviality to one of love. The gondolier muses of his sweetheart and composes poems to her features which he will recite at their next meeting. Then, concluding his work for the night, he approaches the landing once more, hears his partner's banter, and again his heart turns to themes of joviality.

The Rosary needs no explanation.

In Herbert there is likewise something picturesque but not serious. To me his music has a perpetual twinkle in its eye, a certain feeling of satisfaction with life.

One of his merriest pieces is *Badinage*. He leads his listener on one track of thought, then, without warning, gives him a playful push into another entirely different trend. The whole composition is a good-natured trick on the audience. *Alfresco* is of the same construction, the

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Neapolitan Street Song likewise.

Even the famous love songs seem to sparkle with a certain distinctive, mild wit. This may be a purely personal interpretation; nevertheless, that is my version of this composer.

And with Nevin and Herbert closes my portfolio. The reader will understand that this is quite incomplete, for much more could be written of the composers here listed, to say nothing of those hundreds not mentioned. This was not meant to be at all exhaustive. It was written merely to present another side of musical appreciation, a different attack by way of contrast to the understanding of better music.

THE EASTER PARADE

by

Edward Gruber '37

Down the highways,

Up the by-ways,

Marched the gay and sportive crowd,

All bedecked, but few in Thy ways,

All in Paris styles, and proud.

In contrast bold

To those who strolled

With nose that pointed to the sky,

There came a man of common mold

And shabby dress; I wondered why.

He didn't mind

That they were blind

And couldn't see his Easter cloak.

He didn't care that they could find

A fault with all he did or spoke.

I asked this man

Just what his plan

For marching with this crowd might be.

"God sought," he said, "and off I ran."

"He caught," he said, "and now I see."

"Men may laugh at me and scorn.

For this it seems that I was born.

But I am satisfied to know

That Someone sees my Easter show."

MITOSIS SOME LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

By Robert Danehy '40

During a biology lecture the fact was stated that all multicellular animals and plants grow by an increase in cells caused by a very complicated type of cell division called mitosis. Later the facts that had been stated in the lecture period were to be proved by views of the cells on a microscopic slide in the laboratory.

The slide contained three or four slices of the tip of a lowly onion root caught in the act of trying to make someone cry. It also contained a history — a history of how plants and animals have grown since the time when Adam and Eve strolled through the garden of Eden and perhaps long before.

Placing the slide upon the stage of the microscope and focusing the instrument under low power (50 diameters), I observed four faint and ghostly shadows. At first sight these shadows looked very much like human fingerprints, but closer observation showed that a large number of minute round structures were present. Seeing nothing of further interest I changed over to high power, reserving the stronger ocular or eye piece for future At this point (215 diameters) things cleared up considerably. The investigation was becoming very interesting when — shucks! I spilled a bottle of water over my books, paper, and clothes. After cleaning up the mess (and what a

mess it was) I once more resumed my peering. In place of some of the round bodies I now saw others broken up into various shapes, sizes, and forms. As the details were still not evident I substituted the high power ocular.

Each cell was now magnified four hundred and thirty diameters. The round bodies turned out to be the nuclei of the cells. Each nucleus was surrounded at some distance by a rectangular-shaped box, the cell wall. Some of the bodies were different from ordinary nuclei in so far as they appeared to be made up of worm-like or thread-like structures.

The "worms" would bear a great amount of study, for they are the all important chromosomes. During mitosis each plant and animal contains a definite number. Although I could not be sure that I saw all the chromosomes at the time, I knew that the onion cell had sixteen. while man has forty-eight and the earthworm has thirty-two. According to a theory each chromosome contains a chain of bodies known as the genes which are responsible for the specific inherited characteristics of all plants and animals. Granting that this theory is correct, one can blame any number of things such as freckles, big feet, and red hair on the genes.

Under high power the characteristics

MITOSIS — SOME LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

of the cell became very clear. The nucleus was the most conspicuous part. Throughout the nucleus was a network of invisible substance, the linin. Resting upon the linin were a large number of granules, the chromatin. The linin and the chromatin material were resting in the nuclear sap and surrounded by a nuclear membrane. Between the nuclear wall and the cell wall was a definite type of protoplasm, the cytoplasm. I had found everything in the cell except the centrosphere. After searching the slide for about ten minutes I became discouraged and asked the professor just where the centrosphere was. A petrified look came over his face as he replied, "I forgot to mention that the centrosphere is present in the animal cell but not in the plant." Oh, well . . . !

First noticeable as a change in the cell is the chromatin material which condenses and forms into a chain of threads called spireme. These threads look as if they are just a single filament, but close observation will show that they are really two distinct threads resting side by side. The threads consist of a linear series of granules, the chromomeres. After the condensation of the chromatin material has taken place new distinct bodies arise from it by fragmentation. A number of loops form and then break up into smaller pieces, the worm-like chromosomes. these cells as in most others the chromosomes have a U shape and are very small. While the above-mentioned action is taking place a group of fibres is formed at each end of the cell. Then the nuclear membrane breaks down, and shortly disappears. The fibres now form a spindle where the nucleus had been. This spindle may be compared to the longitudinal meridians of the earth. The chromosomes

move to the center of the cell concluding the first phase of mitosis, the prophase.

The second phase is called metaphase. The chromosomes become located on the equitorial plane of the spindle which is equidistant from the two poles of the spindle. At this point each chromosome is attached to two fibres; one fibre going to one pole and the other in the opposite direction.

After mitosis has developed this far the entire structure is known as the "monaster" or "mother star stage." Again it may be compared to the globe. The meridians (north and south) form the spindle, and the poles are their terminating points. The equator is formed by the sixteen chromosomes.

In the anaphase the daughter halves of the chromosomes, so-called because of their origin from the parent which split during metaphase by a longitudinal cleft in the mother chromosome, move rapidly to opposite ends of the cell. One theory has it that they are moved by a force exerted by the fibers of the spindle. This stage is also known as the "daughter star stage."

Compared with the time required for the prophase action, metaphase is short. Usually it does not take over ten minutes, while the prophase lasts at least thirty minutes in most cases. The third phase of mitosis, the anaphase, is still shorter, lasting only two or three minutes.

After the anaphase a very new type of development can be seen. The chromosomes arrange themselves in a line and then break up into granules, forming a new nucleus very much like that of the resting cell. The spindle is then broken so that the two nuclei have nothing connecting them. A new nuclear wall forms,

and the nuclear division is complete. Now there are two nuclei in a single cell.

The cell itself then divides by what is known as cell-plate division. A transverse line appears in the equatorial region of the connecting fibres. The line formed by the broken fibres take the shape of a disk, the cell-plate. Beginning at the center it grows larger in diameter until it finally reaches the cell walls. Here the plasm itself divides and two separate cells are formed.

The entire time for the complete action took two hours. Two hours profitably spent bending over the microscope. Surely in mitosis as well as in the universe at large God has created perfect order. It seems that such perfect order and uniformity of production in a body as small as a cell would be impossible. Since it is so uniform to the finest details it shows the greatness of the Creator beyond human comprehension. That each chromosome contains some hereditary characteristics which are carried from one cell to another in reproduction; that each cell has the same number of chromosomes after mitosis as it had before; that each cell has the same structure bring out the fact clearly that a Supreme Being does exist.

A HORN MOON

by

Edward Gruber '37

Alone you sail the seas of night
While starry beacons light the way.
You have your route monopolized
And never fear a pirate fray.
Such speed you have that you can go
Around the world in just one day.
O little ship up in the sky!
What a Skipper you display.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR

By Anthony Ley '39

The fog had risen from the little city, Broadhearst, a few hours ago, and the hot sun was beating down mercilessly on the streets. A cheerful young lad stepped from a store front entitled "Elgar's Music Store." He gently tucked a bright violin case under his arm and set out for home. Although the air was stuffy and large beads of perspiration stood on his brow, he was happy. A quiet smile curved his mouth, not because today was June 2, 1872, his fifteenth birthday, nor for the reason that he was not going back to school again, but because of the new violin that his father had just given him. To this energetic boy a violin meant a world of things. For his father was unconsciously helping him to fulfill his heart's desire, namely, to become a concert violinist. Just the thought of putting a violin to his chin and causing an audience to sit motionless in their seats thrilled his very soul. However, his smile faded when he recalled the words his father had just spoken to him.

Mr. Elgar, influenced by the usual distaste of musicians for their own art, wanted his son to be something different, a lawyer. Till he reached his home, Edward pondered seriously on the idea of being an attorney. No sooner had he crossed the threshold than he was greeted with seven "happy birthdays" from youthful voices, his brothers and sisters.

He brought the violin from its hiding place with the air of a business man. A series of "ahs" followed. He stood by absorbing it quietly and after the ceremony was over, retired to his room with the violin. On entering he stopped and surveyed the room closely. Pages of musical script were lying on a small table. Beside it on a chair lay a viola. In one of the corners stood a bassoon and cello. All of these including the piano and organ Edward played. He had also become acquainted with other instruments at his father's warehouse.

After he placed the violin on the table he sat on the bed and propped his head in his hands. As he thought of the law school he felt as if he were leaving in an hour. Then he realized what this room meant to him. Here without the aid of an instructor he had learned to play the instruments about him. Many a long hour he sat at that small table studying the scores of Mozart and Hayden to learn harmony, technique, and counterpoint by the hit or miss method. Often it seemed to him that he was missing most of the time. Here he had written many a note, and planned a romantic musical life for himself. However, he had not so much as tinted it with troubles of which his father's idea of a lawyer was the first to check his career.

As the church bell tolled eleven o'clock

his thoughts traveled to the choir loft. There he had sat beside his father at the organ, and sometimes also played it himself. Frequently he had directed the choir. He recalled the different orchestras in which he had played, frequently at the last desk. Nevertheless, whether first or last it mattered not to this humble young man, for it was his sole desire to learn all he could about music. Thoughtlessly he picked up a volume of Sydney's Arcadia from a stack of books. In this pile were the works of Shakespeare and discussions on the different arts and sciences. All of these Edward considered important to a musician, and consequently he knew more than just music. He was still dreaming when his mother called him for dinner. With new energy and determination he arose.

* * *

Twenty-one years later Edward was riding in a cab from Malvern to London, not to attend a law suit, however, but to hear his latest work *The Black Knight*. Close beside him sat his wife, Alice Gee Roberts, whom he had married four years ago. While Alice was watching the beautiful sunset her husband was thinking of what could happen tonight. He had put forth his best efforts on this piece; however, he had labored just as hard on many others and now there were very few people who knew they existed. After a considerably long pause he broke the silence.

"I hope it will be a success tonight." "So do I," she answered. And indeed, Edward knew that those words had some meaning to them. For she cared immensely and always had. Although *Pomp and Circumstance*, *The Wand of Youth*, and many other works of the past were seem-

ingly failures, Alice was proud of her husband and deeply devoted to him. Every evening she neatly laid out the sheets he was to fill with notes on the following day. But more than this, after he had completed a composition she wold sit by his side as he played the work on the piano. Then in a manner proper only to a kind and loving wife she would criticize it. This was a great help to Edward. Her interest and trust spurred him on. gave him courage, and consoled him even in his most discouraging moments.

Alice glanced at her husband. He was in deep thought, and she knew his thoughts. Placing her hand on his she said:

"Don't worry about tonight, dear. Tell me something, something of long ago."

He began by mentioning how he had gone to law school for only one year; then he had decided to make a living by music, however meagre it might be. He told her about the night that he was be the conductor of the asked to Worcester Glee Club, and how glad he was to do this. He earned money by composing quadrilles for the band formed by the attendants of the Worcester Lunatic Asylum. The story was becoming quite interesting when the cab stopped before a cafe in London. There they had supper and departed for the theater. As they entered, a well dressed gentleman nudged a man at his side and pointing to Edward said in a whisper:

"That's Elgar and his wife. He certainly is doing some radical things in the line of music."

"I disagree with you there," the other declared firmly. "That man's works say something simple and beautiful that everyone can feel in his own heart. Some

SIR EDWARD ELGAR

day Englishmen will proudly claim him as their own. The time will come when he will place English music on a level with that of the rest of the world."

"Did the Sea Picture or any of those work any wonders?"

"No, and the reason is that he isn't just imitating someone, because his independence of mind lets him act free. Give him time. The public will soon awake."

The din of a large tuning orchestra was heard from within. The two men entered. Some time later the theater suddenly rose in an uproar. The clapping, shouting, and whistling was deafening. The Black Knight was a success. Edward's heart tripped with joy as he entered his cab with Alice. Down the foggy street two men were walking.

"What do you think of him now?"

"Pretty good," the well dressed person answered.

On the evening of Edward VII's coronation day, 1902, the well attired gentleman and his friend, Richard Strauss, were strolling in and out among flowing gowns and tuxedos, glancing at the different faces as they passed. When they reached the end of the hall they noticed a small group of people chatting gaily. They stepped into the gathering and warmly congratulated the now Sir Edward Elgar on the title he had received from the new king that very day.

"You deserve part of the credit," Sir Edward said. "If it wasn't for your generous tribute which attracted universal attention two years ago I wouldn't be in this position tonight."

"That may be, but don't forget, if you wouldn't have written The Dream of Ger-

ontius and Enigma Variations there wouldn't have been any call for tribute." The merry conversation continued, as it had been some time since these friends had met, and the occasion itself inspirited them. Late that evening as Sir Edward and Lady Alice entered their home in the outskirts of London, the latter said with a tired sigh:

"I'll never forget this day as long as I live."

"Neither will I," came the reply, also with a tone of fatigue.

* * *

Once again as had been the case many times, a man now seventy-seven was sitting beside the fireplace living over in his mind the Coronation Ceremony as he dreamily gazed at the soft dancing flames. His white mustache was supported by a pair of smiling lips. Many more years of success floated before him like fluffy white clouds in a clear blue sky. There were the cheering crowds in the Covent Garden at London when The Apostles and In the South were performed. Then came the World War which filled him with inspiration. Soon he brought forth the patriotic pieces, Carillon and Polonia. In all this contentment suddenly the lips tightened. His eyes became glassy, and a tear slipping from each one slid down his smooth face. Back to his memory came that memorable night twelve years ago when his wife passed to a happier home. Since then he had done little. Life lost its snap. Age began to wear upon him and time dragged by. Tonight he was pale and weak. He arose, placed a few small pieces of wood on the fire, and went to bed.

A few days later there was a light tap

at the front door of the Elgar home. A priest entered and was led to a side room. The clergyman was astonished as he beheld the calm look on the white-haired man who lay before him. Bending over the bed he asked:

"Are you a Catholic?"

"I am a Catholic, and a Roman Catholic," he answered firmly.

The sacraments were administered to the dying man, February 23, 1934. Before a new day dawned into his life he had received his reward. Some time later near Malvern Hills beside his wife lay a royal son of England, an artistic citizen of the world, a man who gave his native country a record to place in the great music album of the world. He may not have been a genius, but he was a sane craftsman, and without a doubt he holds a place among the greatest musicians of our time.



A SMILE

by

D. Raible '37

The shadow of another world,
O paradox, enlightens mortal's path.
Aye the silent shadow, jeweled and pearled.
Of his immortal soul.

THE "RUSTICRAT"

By James Hinton '38

"Have pity on our foolishness
And give us eyes that we may see
Beneath the farmer's clumsy dress
The splendor of humanity."

Joyce Kilmer

n every field of life, no matter if it be I industrial, social, or scientific, there is invariably found the underdog — the fellow who has to take what he can get and like it. And it isn't always that this so-called underdog deserves the lowly position which he holds; in fact it is often the case that the servant is even more deserving and competent than the master. Yet there will always be those who are forced to exclaim, "Sic volvere Parcas!" There will always be those who are born to serve and not to rule; who realize their state and hopefully strive for a better, yet are powerless to ameliorate it or much less make it ideal.

In the maelstrom of economics this poor goat is none other than Mr. Farmer. No other occupation holder is so mercilessly kicked about, no other workman is so underpaid in proportion to his unselfishness and the amount of his labor, no other artisan has terms so harshly dictated to him as does the farmer. And the shame of it is that this same farmer is the very base of our country's existence, the foundation upon which the nation rests. He is, therefore, a man who

in the economic life of the nation deserves to hold a fairly high position — at least to be given a decent living. For it is an established fact that if the farmers are in poor condition the whole nation will suffer; if the farmers are on their feet the entire nation will be up and doing. Instead, however, of enjoying an economic status commensurate with his indispensability the farmer is made the base of the nation in a two-faced sense of the word — the base upon which the rest of the nation ruthlessly tramples.

One of the principal reasons for the farmers' condition is their failure to standardize their forces in labor organizations such as those of the other workmen in the industrial world. It is true, during the past fifty years many pools, trusts, organizations, and unions have been formed by the agriculturist; many relief measures have been advanced for his aid. Of these the following are a few examples: The Granger Movement; the Federal Farm Loan Act; the Farm Relief Act of 1933; the Agricultural Adjustment Administration; the Farmers' Co-operatives. Among them all the Farmers' Co-

operatives have been the most successful.

Farmers' Co-operatives are associations formed to standardize the harvesting, handling, grading, warehousing, distributing, and selling of farm products. These organizations have been extended to nearly every form of farm industry. One of the earliest, however, and probably one of the most successful is the Farmers' Co-operative Grain Elevators.

These companies grew out of the abuses in the grain-distributing system as handled by the local grain dealers and the line elevator companies. About 1880, twenty years before the birth of Farmers' Co-operatives, there were from one to ten local grain dealers at each producing station. Some of the buyers owned elevators; others had no storage facilities and were known as track buyers, who loaded the grain on the car from the farmer's wagon. Competition was keen among the buyers, and the farmer received a good price for his grain, but in the end the system of free competition proved disastrous to many of the grain dealers. By 1900 the grain dealers' associations that were formed to advance the mutual interests of the members had become the predominating factor in the grain business of the central-western states. They had driven out most of the smaller dealers; they forced commission merchants into line by refusing to ship to any merchant who handled grain for an independent track buyer; they obtained the co-operation of the railroads by securing a rule under which the cars were refused to a shipper unless the grain was on the right of way of the railroad at the time the car was ordered. This rule prevented the shipment of grain by the independent track buyers and prevented the consignment of grain by the farmer as well. With the independent buyers eliminated the grain dealers' associations in the principal grain-growing states perfected their organization and dictated the price to be paid to the farmers each week by the dealers in their association. It is said that they fixed the amount of grain each dealer could buy and adopted a system of penalties which forced a dealer who purchased more than his share to pay the association a fine varying from one cent a bushel on corn and oats to ten cents a bushed on timothy. The association paid an amount from this fund to a dealer who received less than his share. Being wholeheartedly backed by the railroads they soon became an absolute monopoly and dictated tyrannically to the farmers and small dealers. The grain producers found themselves square against an unregulated, predatory combination of dealers who fixed the price that the farmer should receive and the conditions under which his grain should be handled and sold.

At this point, as an outgrowth of these conditions, the farmers' co-operative elevator companies were formed, the first in 1899 at Rockwell, Iowa, where the farmers leased an elevator and proceeded to buy and sell grain.

Their plan is simple. The farmers in a locality form a buying and selling association with capital stock varying from \$2,500 to \$20,000. The shares of stock, varying from ten dollars to one hundred dollars each, are held exclusively by producers, and the amount an individual may hold is usually limited to prevent the control of the association from falling into the hands of a few members. These

companies have usually been incorporated under the joint-stock company laws of the states. The earnings are generally distributed on the basis of capital, the dividends running sometimes as high as 100%. The articles of incorporation often provide that each stockholder may have but one vote, regardless of the number of shares he owns. In some companies the surplus is distributed in proportion to the amount of grain sold by each member, after paying a dividend of six per cent on the stock and retaining a surplus of a few thousand dollars. Before a producer may sell his stock the associations generally require him to offer it to the company either to be purchased or to be placed by the association. When the grain association has raised sufficient capital it builds or leases an elevator holding from ten to one hundred thousand bushels of grain. It provides that the members shall sell the grain to the association, though a member is permitted to sell to an outside firm by paying to the association one cent per bushel on every bushel sold in this manner. By this provision the line elevators and local dealers can purchase from an association member, and in so doing support the farmers' association through the refund of one cent a bushel. This rule, however, is not always legally enforcible, though the refund in most cases is paid voluntarily by the members who sell outside the association.

The affairs of the association are supervised by a small board of directors. An expert grain buyer is selected as manager at a salary af \$125 to \$150 a month or on a profit-sharing basis. Sometimes it is managed by one of the farmers interested in its formation. The association

pays a fair market for the grain which is then assembled in the elevators. Where competition is keen the association pays the terminal market price less the freight, and assesses the cost of operation against the members in proportion to the amount of grain contributed. This forces the competing elevators to handle their grain without profit. From the co-operative elevators the grain is loaded into cars and shipped to an association mill or to the primary grain markets, where final grades are made and where agents of the association sell it to the terminal elevators or ship it to other mills in the United States, to distributing warehouses in the large cities, or to the seaboard for export, although sometimes the grain is shipped directly from farmers' elevators to the mills, without the grading process.

Usually the farmers' co-operative grain elevator association buys grain from non-members. It then becomes a dealer in products which it handles for its own members. It may also be a purchasing agent for supplies such as coal, lumber, and fertilizer, enormous quantities of these being handled by the elevators of the Central West and Northwest. These supplies are sold to both members and non-members at the prevailing prices, and the profit is divided among the members at the end of the year.

As a general movement these co-operative grain elevators have been successful. The grain growers have not as yet developed a comprehensive marketing system, but their companies have protected the producers against the tyranny of a distrituting system that held this product in its grasp. They have maintained a fair price for the farmers; they have caused the grain dealers at each shipping point

to grade the grain according to its actual quality; they have increased the purchasing power of the communities in which they have been organized by keeping the profit at home rather than paying it to the foreign elevator companies; they have created competition at the shipping points and have benefited the railroads by increased traffic. Ultimately the success of these co-operatives will depend on the federation of many of them into central organizations that will act as a clearing house in handling the grain of each local elevator, as a part of a comprehensive distributing and marketing system. The central agencies will then build terminal elevators at the primary markets where the grain of the local elevators can be assembled, scoured, blended, shipped, and distributed. Up to this time the attempts to organize these companies into central agencies have not been successful because the farmers themselves have been unable to organize effectively enough to compete with the experienced grain dealers.

larger form of organization is a matter of evolution, and as the necessity for it increases the farmers' co-operative elevator companies may be expected to overcome the obstacles which have prevented the development of a comprehensive marketing system up to the present.

But when this is done it will take care of only one of the farmer's economic problems — the marketing of his products. Nature, the biggest factor of all, will always remain unbridled; and the very soul of farming exists in the workings of nature. Rain, drouth, heat, cold! One or all may challenge the farmer's best efforts and blast his most sanguine hopes.

Yet, despite this dark setting, there is no other workman on earth who is more independent, more happy than this simple tiller of the soil, this guardian of the wide open spaces. "O thrice blessed farmer," exclaimed Virgil long ago, "if you only realize your advantages."



There are many items of public interest I today which the nation's mouthpiece, the newspapers, have to keep their readers posted on. Horror stories of the ghoulish affair in Spain for those who take pride in learning of death, torture, and devastation. Stories of the political movements of our nation's leader and criticisms pro and con of his policies for the citizen who takes an active interest in the political situation of the country. Reports of football, basketball and other sports for those who can be called in the common vernacular "Sunday Morning Quarterbacks" or "Grandstand Coaches." Of course the children in the family must have some representation in the daily journal, and hence the page of comics.

Although there is a certain section of the paper for one of every taste and distaste, there is also the part for all, which acts as a large covering over all others. This is the scandal sheet ordinarily on the first five pages, which consists of crime waves, auto deaths — and divorces. No matter what paper one picks up one is sure to find that a certain stage or screen celebrity has just been given a divorce from his or her wife or husband on grounds of mental cruelty or incompatibility, or a multitude of other such foolish excuses. Certain cities in the United States are as notorious for their easy divorce laws as many of the chief manufacturing centers are known for their products. Gary is celebrated for its steel, New York for its size, Chicago for its meat, and Reno, Nevada, for its divorces.

During the years 1931, '32, and '33 there were over 10,000 separations in this town which boasts a population of slightly more than 18,000. This must mean, therefore, that a little more than one out of every two residents in the town is divorced. Of course, this is reducing the question to an absurdity, as the persons involved in a Reno divorce have to establish residence in the town for only three months before they can go up and get their famous three-minute disespousal. In the entire state the average is one broken romance out of every two and one-third marriages.

Divorces have become a paying business for many an enterprising lawyer. Many times the wife and her estranged husband have the same lawyer for their case so there will not be any mistakes in the courtroom. The lawyers specializing in divorces today are probably the most prosperous in the bar association, due to their practice of making false charges of desertion, cuelty and the like, and proving them in their cleint's favor.

It is turning out to be a joke, a very queer joke, I might add, the way divorces are given even in the smaller, supposedly stricter towns. A woman can get a separation with alimony if her husband snores in his sleep or if he doesn't shave every day, or if he doesn't eat the breakfast she cooks in the morning. A man can "free" himself if his wife is a poor bridge player, if she doesn't, not does, mind you, drink enough to fit in with his friends. There have been cases where the husband was granted a divorce because his wife did not spend enough for her personal effects.

These cases have been cited as the odd cases. Naturally, everyone who has ever read the papers knows that once one in a marriage union slaps the other, proceedings ensue immediately. That seems to be the first thing the couple can think of — divorce.

The ordinary couple usually has a few arguments, but why should they immediately run to the attorney as they would run to the corner drugstore? They never give themselves time to think over what they are doing until it is too late. The average divorce starts with an argument which leads up to the words, "I'll not stand for your insults any longer, I'll get a divorce." The other party, in the heat of anger, retaliates with, "Go ahead, I'll be glad to get rid of you." Then before one or the other can swallow his or her pride the ever sharp knife of the law has cut their bonds of matrimony which they had vowed before God and man to keep "until death do us part." At times, I believe, there should be another phrase put in the marriage vows which would read, "Until death, or idle fancy, do us part."

The most flagrant offenders of the sacred bonds of matrimony are those most prominent in the public eye, those who are held up on the movie screen for edification in the eyes of children who have

not yet been set in their moral standards. Many of these stars who sit up on pedestals have been married and divorced four and five times, and still people flock as sheep to see them and to obtain their autographs. The main trend in a good many of the pictures before the Legion of Decency campaign was invariably based on divorce. And, of course, the word was glorified with the glitter of selfsacrifice, as, for example, the wronged wife, who though still in love with her erring husband, had condescended to give him his "freedom" so he could marry the one he loves, or is supposed to love. The Catholics in America have, to some extent, put a stop to this; however, it is still far too prevalent.

So far we have merely stated the cold facts concerning divorce — the ever monotonous statistics of ratios and percentages. Now let us take the reason for this open flagrance of Christ's words, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

I do not believe that the reasons for the severance of matrimonial relations can be enumerated according to their gravity, as all reasons seem of equal moment in a case against such an evil.

Thousands of present-day young people do not fully realize the importance and the sanctity of their marriage bonds. They forget that the Hand of God has been extended in blessing over them, and they regard the union as a civil contract to be broken at will and settled in court as any other civil case is settled.

Our second reason for easy divorce is the abundance of headlong marriages, marriages in which the couples involved really do not know each other's temperaments well enough to remedy them. As is the case in most short courtships, the couples engaged are always on their best behavior when in each other's company. If the two keep company for a year or two each must, during that time, find the other's imperfections before they take the step which means most in their lives.

If the suitor has a mean streak in his system the young lady can either work against it or she may, if the vice is so prominent, leave him to find another. She can use more drastic measures in correcting her fiance's faults than if she were his wife, because she still has her own name and independence. Many times the party at fault quickly corrects his failing.

Another aspect to be looked at analytically is the in-law problem. In some cases the husband or wife is dominated by paternal loyalty to such an extent that he or she neglects his or her spouse. The idea of living at the parents' home has seldom worked out satisfactorily. The newly-weds usually use the word "temporary," but often they prolong the episode until it becomes a habit. They cannot save money while living in this condition, and if they haven't saved enough before they were married they should not have married.

It is hard to say how much a young man should be earning when he marries because many times frugal living adds to the mutual love of the two. I believe, however, that ordinarily a young man should have a fair bank account and a decent position in life before he contemplates marriage, because, after all, there is more to married life than "living on love" when the bills start coming in. How many young girls have asked themselves, "Why did I sacrifice all the comfort of home to scrimp and save for a living?"

And as a result, this girl of the new era has been tempted severely to pack her luggage and leave her husband to take care of his own financial worries.

Another view toward divorce through the numerous childless marriages in present-day America. Christ Himself said: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be in one flesh." The couple must have a linking connective between them which can only be brought about through a child to partake of their mutual love. Love should not diminish as time goes on; if its glow grows dimmer gradually, when a child is born, the love is renewed in the flesh and blood of the infant. Each parent can see his own likeness together with the likeness of his loved one in the angelic form of the infant.

Looking at the matter from a purely worldly standpoint, one can still realize that it is much easier to break away from someone if there is no fruit of your mutual love in the face of a little child. No matter how bitter a husband may be towards his wife he always has a tender feeling towards his and her child which might change his ways in due time.

In conclusion I might bring out the fact that women are more independent now than they ever were before. They realize that they usually can regain a position at their old firm thus adding to their incentive to break their matrimonial ties.

We cannot hope that the entire American nation will change its ways like a deer may shed its antlers, but we can hope and pray that, by means of the Catholic pulpit, press and people, the tendency to condone divorce will give way to the tendency to reprove it.

THE

SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Published monthly from October to June at St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana. Terms \$1.50 a year Single copies 20c.

Entered at the Post Office, Collegeville, Indiana, as second-class matter, under the Act of March 5, 1879.

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EDITORIALS

GUEST EDITORIAL

By Arthur C. Becker, A. A. G. O.

Catholic Church Music

That excellent magazine The Catholic Choirmaster contained in a recent issue an article on university study of sacred music by the Rev. T. Joseph Kelly, Mus. D. Dr. Kelly touches, I believe, the crux of the whole matter of lack of proper reform and of the impetus necessary for this reform in church music when he asserts that because of the lack of educational facilities in so many cases the organist and choir-master is insufficiently trained in real church music, and therefore unprepared to take the matter seriously and do something about it.

Diocesan boards for church music reform are very necessary and undoubtedly have done much good in various parts of the country, but improved standards do not rest only with a few especially trained in liturgical music. Real reform rather rests with the rank and file of choirmasters actively engaged Sunday after Sunday in the presentation of real church music.

Where is this knowledge to be gained? is the question. According to Dr. Kelly the Catholic University of America is the ideal place. The writer agrees with the statement, being well aware of the fact that the Catholic University has a department of sacred music, and that while the department is comparatively young,

it has done work of real consequence, standing for the best in Catholic musical culture. But the Catholic University should not be the only place equipped to give any music courses, let alone sacred music. The incorporation of such courses would immediately put these universities on a par musically with their status academically.

The writer knows of only two Catholic universities in this country, besides the Catholic University in Washington, giving courses in liturgical music — Duquesne in Pittsburgh and De Paul in Chicago. Duquesne has a reputation, I believe, for equipping organists and choirmasters for their work in the church. Being connected with De Paul, the writer can truthfully say that the courses offered in those subjects are of the highest excellence. The course in sacred music leads to a degree and comprises, besides the fundamental theoretical subjects pertinent to any degree course, Latin, Gregorian chant, history of liturgy, liturgical music, boy voice training and organ playing. Undoubtedly the majority of our Catholic universities could offer the same courses, and if this were done we would soon find tangible evidence of training among our organists. If one called upon to do a certain type of work

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is trained from the very beginning of his study to learn and know only the very best, at the completion of those studies only the best would satisfy him. That is the service our Catholic universities should render to the aspiring church musician.

The Influence of Music

Ever since the prehistoric days when that mythological character, Orpheus, played his miraculous lyre, music has been one of the most influential of the arts. Since good music is an artistic creation of man it necessarily had to pass through a period of development. From the crude gestures and cries of neolithic man it has gradually grown into an irresistible expression of emotion, imagination, and even life itself.

Man, the intellectual being, has always attempted to express himself through the arts, of which music is very prominent. One might even be justified in saying that music is present in all the arts. Ruskin upholds this theory when he describes poetry as, "the suggestion by the imagination in musical words of noble grounds for the noble emotions." Architecture, likewise, is defined by Madame de Stael as "frozen music." Therefore, since music is so closely allied to the other arts, it should be an influential factor in man's creative life.

Another reason why music is so influential can be found in its very nature. Music brings man into a closer contact with the other arts; it enables him better to understand his fellow men; it brings him nearer to the attainment of the ideal toward which all men should strive. The immortal bard of Avon realized this uplifting influence of music when he said: "The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils."

The truth of this statement is evident, for music stirs the sensitive listener and inspires within him noble aspirations of soul, mind, and heart. It weaves around him a gossamer world of song to assuage his passions and to soften his heart.

Shakespeare's, Richard II, while listening to the music outside his prison wall, exclaimed:

"Blessing on his heart that gives it me, For 'tis a sign of love."

This certainly is a fitting example to prove that music has the power to change a disheartened man to a hoping, trustful human being. This soothing influence of music was readily apparent during the chaos of our recent depression. There, in the dismal cold of a winter's night, a man could let the warmth of music create within his tired soul pleasant dreams of better days.

The various influences of music accompany us at every turn of life. In the home the infant is quieted and put to rest by the soft-voiced melody of a lullaby. In adolescence music is the very spirit of youthful gaiety and unresponsibility. The amorous lover serenades his sweetheart, and wedding bells announce their exchange of matrimonial vows. On the bloody battlefield the sound of trumpet and drum inspires the patriot to perform deeds of heroism that cause mankind to decorate him with medals of bravery. When finally our earthly figure

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is solemnly interred beneath the sod the prayerful music of the Requiem fills the air with its sad strains. Thus we see that music haunts our every move.

Music, as found in all things, is expressive of man's joy and grief, hope and despair, serenity and hilarity, ambition and decline. As Plato so aptly said, "Music gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything else; and is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, — of which it is the invincible, yet nevertheless dazzling, passionate, and external form." Music is truly one of the greatest artistic influences in the life of man, for it is the gateway to his immortal soul.

R.J.T. '38

Music Has Its Day

America is becoming art conscious. The trend is traceable in a renewed interest in all the arts. But in none is it so evident as in music. At last music is coming to mean more to the average American than the primitive rhythm, uninspiring melody, and raucous notes of a jazz band.

It would be unfair, of course, to state that America has not had its upholders of the best in music in the past. It has had them, and ardent ones. But they have been limited, because of reasons financial or otherwise, to the wealthy or to professionals in the field. Also, and likewise unfortunately, all too many of these took an interest in music merely because of convention, or because it gave them, at least outwardly, a chance to exhibit a semblance of culture.

Today, it is the common people who are gradually turning to the classics. And

they are turning to them because of what they are finding in the music itself, not just to appear intelligent. This increased interest is showing itself in a number of ways. Movie producers, realizing the box office appeal of good music, are now incorporating it more and more in their productions. Concert and opera goers are perhaps somewhat surprised to find that there are quite a number in the audience without top hats who are enjoying the music. In fact, the so-called popular concerts of the Metropolitan at cheaper prices are packed. It seems that the time-worn theory that an evening suit and top hat are necessary for the appreciation of music must go by the board. Probably most conclusive is the marvelous advance classical music has made in popularity in the radio field. From the almost insignificant place which it held a few years back, it has come forward by leaps and bounds, until it is now among the most popular features of the airlanes.

The reasons for this change are many. Probably the most important one is the fact that good music today is more easily and more cheaply accessible than ever before. The really important point is, however, that a change has been made.

Americans have been on top of the world for years in the matter of good living and in general prosperity. They haven't been in the appreciation of the arts. But with characteristic frankness, they are admitting their error, and are only too willing to correct it. The day is coming soon when our theaters, our concert halls, our opera houses will be filled with real music lovers who have come (as one critic puts it) "to see and hear, not to be seen and heard."

W.C. '37

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Books

FLOWER FOR SIGN

By Louis Stancourt

His secretary told him the beautiful story of St. Therese, the Little Flower. "And the sign that His help was to come would be a flower; someone least expected would bring a flower." — "And as he stepped into the smoke-filled room of the war-veteran agents Jess the gumchewer came to him and pinned a blood-red flower on Joseph's lapel, saying: 'You're our delegate to Mae West. Here's your credentials, the flower.'" On the strength of this sign Joseph Tired (pseudonym for Louis Stancourt) is a Catholic today, and has titled his autobiography, Flower For Sign.

In this book the young convert has given a faithful account of the thorny path to conversion; an account that wins sympathy from his fellow converts who thereby recall their own trying experiences; an account that wins from us who are born Christians gratitude that we have been spared such grinding circumstances. Non-Catholics too, lured by the beauty and interest of the first fifty or so pages, will profit immensely from the general tone of the work.

From the structural viewpoint probably the most outstanding quality of the book is the novel basis. By a bit of keen ingenuity Louis Stancourt has changed biography, formerly a drab and dry type of literature, into a living, vibrant one. He has given the world what it has always craved, something new. This wonderful change was brought about by relating the incidents of his autobiography in story form, thus supplanting the matter-of-fact tone of ordinary biography with a definite plot developed by imaginative and emotional passages that add interest and character to the persons portrayed. I do not mean to designate Louis Stancourt as the originator of this new biography. Others preceded him. But none has made the change as completely nor as successfully as he has.

After several charming chapters relating the story of his childhood in Brooklyn, the author describes his later life, his trials and hardships at earning a living, his accidental meeting with a good Catholic woman who leads him on the path of conversion, and finally his success in winning his wife and children to the true faith. The entire story he centers around the one central figure, Joseph Tired; all the other characters are distinctly minor. While it is patently the life of only one man it is yet varied enough with other characters to give it the touch and atmosphere of a novel.

I was indeed edified at the character and actions of the secretary whose good example, prayers, and encouragement brought about the conversion. Here certainly is an example of what Catholic Action can do. It is truly an example worthy of our sincerest endorsement.

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Flower For Sign is really and truly a commendable piece of work. It is interesting, enjoyable, and edifying to all.

E.G. '37

Magazines

"The demands of vocational carpetbaggers and the decline of authoritative teaching are the cause of great confusion in higher education." Thus writes J. C. Long in his article "Conflict on the Campus," in the March issue of Scribner's. And as the solution of present conditions he proposes that on the one hand we be slow and cautious to make changes in our method of education lest those changes become radical and worthless, and on the other that the elements generally accepted as the basis for the B. A. degree be complimented by stricter and worthier additions. The elements he proposes as indispensable for a B.A. are: "a thorough grounding in an ancient language, English literature including grammar, the history of the world with emphasis on American institutions, a science, and an introduction to philosophy."

No one will question the statement that there is a need for the revamping of modern methods, for it is a patent fact that they are not achieving their purpose. The purpose of education is to prepare a man for life from every point of view, moral, physical, and mental. He should be prepared to meet success or adversity, victory or defeat; he should have a balanced mental development reaching into several fields of thought from which to draw his means of livelihood. But these ideals are not even being approached. The number of college graduates who are walking the streets today is

far too great to blame the catastrophe on the scarcity of jobs. No, the blame is easily traced to the modern method of education.

It seems to be the popular impression among our educators that all current problems of mankind are different from what they have been in the past. Mr. Long condemns this impression as entirely fallacious, and rightly so. It is a rather widely accepted opinion that homo semper idem, and it hardly seems probable that our generation should be an exception to history. Just because we are living in a scientific age, an age of machinery and comparative ease, can we claim to be different? Economic and social problems are still to a great extent unchanged.

"It would be pertinent," says Mr. Long, "for every school in the country to challenge and to reappraise every change which it has made in the past twenty years. Those changes which have been valid need not fear the limelight. Many of the modifications will have proved their worth and perhaps many will not." Let each college dutifully cast out all modifications that have not proved their worth, especially those instigated by the greed of financial gain. We want education for the sake of education and not for the sake of enriching our educators.

E.G. '37

When reading any world histories of note, dealing with past ages of man, one may be struck by the fact that all of them within the first few pages make it known whether the world began with the event which they are narrating or whether history began with Adam and Eve. Per-

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haps to many this has proved to be a perplexing problem.

To the above proposition, Daniel Sargent has given a definite answer in his article entitled "The Perspective of the Historian of Today," (Cath. Hist. Review, Jan. '37, pp. 387-394.) He maintains that it is a historian's perspective which prompts him to do this, and that the quality of a historian's work is definitely in accordance with his perspective.

Reiterating various great eras of the past, Mr. Sargent cites examples of the histories written during these eras. Christian perspective, he says, was not established until a St. Augustine came upon the scene, who "gave grandeur to his perspective by seeing the tremendous oneness of its drama."

In time, as Christianity began to wane in various parts of Europe, this Christian perspective was lost, and following in the footsteps of post-Augustan writers, contemporary historians treated past ages with dread, denying any affinity to the barbarous races of the past.

About the middle of the nineteenth century a number of archaeologists began to seek for the fabled treasures of vanished races in the form of ancient writings and fossils. From then on even to our present day many records were unearthed which give to modern historians a new perspective back to the earliest ages of man, a perspective lacking to previous centuries.

A closer, new found affinity links ancient peoples to our own civilization, and it has at the same time shown that the so-called pre-historic monster was no less a rational animal than man of our own industrial era. Unearthed records give a fuller meaning to the Latin adage,

"Homo semper idem," or as Chesterton rather uniquely puts it, "The Everlasting Man."

Written in a style peculiar to Sargent this article portrays the mind of a man who believes, not that history runs in cycles, but that history is one in itself.

C. Bonifas '37

Films

Winterset — a powerful cinema! Powerful because it was dramatic, and dramatic because it was a true drama. It was not just like so many other movies, mere portrayals of a novel, but it was one of the best plays from the pen of a prominent playwright — Maxwell Anderson.

Inspired by one of our types of a too prevalent tragedy of today, Maxwell Anderson gives us a real conflict between revenge and love. Yet it is not this conflict alone that makes his play true art; rather it is his poetry, his vivid and restrained diction, and his almost bottomless well of intellectual concept that compels us to brand this poetic tragedy of modern day, true art.

Anderson alone is not responsible for all the acclaim showered upon Winterset. The cast with Burgess Meredith and Margo as leads gave this play its swift and dauntless start. The coordination of the entire cast and the exact emphasis, not too little, not too much, even to the smallest details creates for us the living death of the whole. Eduardo Ciandle, Edward Ellis, John Carradine, Paul Guilfoyle, and Maurice Moscovitch proffered the greatest movie of 1936 from the greatest American play of 1935.

Surprisingly enough Hollywood direc-

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tion marred the true, full artistry of Winterset in but two ways. First, excluding the room scene, all that met the vision was blocks of stone. The steps were stone, the walls were stone, the bank of the river was stone — everything was blocks of stone with the exception of the rarely seen steel bridge. There was simply too much stone. Secondly, and most sadly, the play was composed throughout to be a tragedy; yet the cinema made it a comedy. Still, the movies must not be too severely condemned for this. They have offered much to the American people which proved hard on the box office, and they have educated the American public to many facts of existing evils which was not their necessity to do. If the movies would take the step from comedy to tragedy in one leap, which dramatic artists are anxious to see them do, they would spell their own doom as well as the end of possibly educating the American people to true dramatic art.

It is said by many that the actors on both the screen and stage were hampered in Winterset by its poetry. Others have said that the poetry detracted from the realistic content of the drama. To the latter we can say: What if it does as long as it adds to its artistry? Maxwell Anderson undoubtedly chose poetry because he felt that the emotions he wished to convey could not be expressed in com-To the former accusation mon terms. we are in doubt. Could the players do a much better job if they spoke in prose? That is a query we do not care to answer. Yet we believe this accusation is a groundless one. If the poetry outweighs either of these accusations and in so far as it adds to the artistic effect of the whole it should remain unscathed.

Paul Zeller '39



EXCHANGES

If a college journal is to be published at all it should have a certain aim which it attempts to realize — an editorial policy fixed and adhered to. What this policy should be we do not venture to say; neither do we boast that our own little monthly has been conspicuous for it nor that other journals which come to our desk are deplorably lacking it. The purpose of a particular college magazine will undoubtedly be determined in part by the nature of the school from which it emanates — its aims and ends and the kind of work done there. Many institutions specialize in one or more department of learning; few are able to conduct courses in all departments successfully. The publication of one may be outstandingly literary; that of another definitely But apart from this a more scientific. comprehensive aim should be sought, and we believe, expressed, not merely in the composing room but on the pages of the journal itself.

Some of our exchanges do that. We from Loyola gather the Quarterly (Autumn, 1936, number) the following threefold purpose: to afford an organ which can contain as a permanent record, broadly speaking, the thought of the University; to offer the students and the faculty an opportunity to express their thought in the fields with which the University is associated; most important of all, to propagate the Catholic Faith for the greater honor and glory of God.

In the winter number of the Blackhawk the trend is toward the relation of science to the Church as expressed in the first editorial, a discussion of the scientist Andre Marie Ampere. The writer shows that all true scientists are dependent upon the Church "because both seek the same object, truth." Applying this practically she continues, "And the thing for us to remember is that he (Ampere) represents not a small and negligible group, but a great army of noble men who are serving God and science faithfully and A simultaneously." second editorial, commenting on the slogan of Milwaukee, "Safest City in America," stresses a civic and social virtue when it states: "How much more sensible and practical it would be if that title could and would become 'America, Safest Country in the Universe."

As their unifying theme for the year the staff of the *Clepsydra* has chosen the endeavors, intellectual, artistic, idealistic, of young people. They purpose to deal not with those who have known the sweetness of praise but rather with those who have struggled painfully toward the shining heights of idealism, who have worked in obscurity, whose hopes have been fulfilled in the satisfaction of labor well and beautifully done rather than in material accomplishments.

We did not intend to comment on these notes gathered from a few of our representative journal exchanges. But

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we cannot refrain from suggesting that this aim of the Clepsydra is an answer to those young Catholic journalists of whom the Gothic speaks, who, fresh from college, are faced with the serious problem of being lured toward the prospects of fame and fortune held out by the great secular journals or accepting a more modest emolument and perhaps no assurance of worldly recognition if they answer the crying need of Catholic journals, there to pursue an ideal and fight for a noble cause. Must not our Catholic colleges turn out that kind of men and women? And if they do, will not our Catholic people subscribe to and read Catholic periodicals and papers in much greater numbers? What can we as Catholic college journalists contribute to the solution of this question?

The Fleur de Lis of St. Louis University has an answer ready made. Enthusiastically it hopes to review the work of great litterateurs who have gone before, to examine their thoughts, to decipher their beings, to follow in their footsteps, to emulate their ideals, and (this should be italicized) to awaken the potent if dormant spirit of youth to an analysis of the exigencies of a crumbling civilization. Rightly does this journal, in its effort to champion undergraduate thought directed toward a realization of the true nature of man and of a valid conception of him in the light of his dependence upon God, emphasizing the necessity of a return to a philosophy constructed upon the unchanging nature of man.

Perhaps our column this month partakes of the nature of an editorial. If so it claims a reason for its appearance. It is not the result of a survey but of a random picking out of just a few of the many exchanges of the magazine type that filter in regularly. If it shows a change of policy away from the critical or evaluating type of exchange article we hope that this is a graceful gesture. We believe that the more we cooperate, as Father Magner suggested at the Catholic Press Educational Congress, the more we can get others to work along with us. Only when this cooperation is coextensive with the problem that confronts us, not merely national but international, can we hope to meet it adequately. As a challenge we invite other journals which do not feature an exchange column, either because they never introduced it or have discontinued it as a waste of space, time, energy, and money to begin or reintroduce this column wherein choice thoughts, lofty aims, and constructive criticism may have a necessary place to appear.

We also appreciate the following additional exchanges:

The Salesianum (St. Francis Seminary); The Aquinas (St. Thomas College); St. Mary's Collegian (St. Mary's College,

The Xaverian News (Xavier University);

The Fleur de Lis (St. Louis University);
The Exponent (Dayton University);
Duquesne Monthly (Duquesne University);

The Gleaner (St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois);

The Pacific Star (Mount Angel College); The Daily Iowan (University of Iowa); The Torch (Valparaiso University);

California);

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

The Mount (Mt. St. Joseph Junior College);

St. Vincent Journal (St. Vincent's College);

The Marywood College Bay Leaf (Marywood College);

The Gothic (Sacred Heart Seminary);
The Aurora Quarterly (St. Mary-of-the-Woods College);

The Canisius Quarterly (Canisius College);

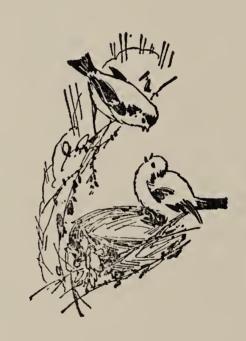
The Black Hawk (Mount Mary College);

The Chimes (Cathedral College);

The Clepsydra (Mundelein College);

The Rosary College Eagle (Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.);

The Pelican, (Nazareth College, Louisville, Ky.)



HELLO FELLOWS!

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU

ON

Alumni Days

MAY 16 & 17

THE
CALUMET CHAPTER
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

ALUMNI

Death is something we would rather not publish. Within the last month the angel of sorrow has thrice visited the ranks of our alumni, snatching the Rev. William D. Sullivan, '97, the Rev. Clifford J. Reed, '12, and Mr. Thomas Glennon, Sr., '95. Father Sullivan was pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Crawfordsville, Indiana; Father Reed, pastor of St. Joseph's, Delphi, Indiana. Mr. Glennon, whose son, Thomas Jr., attended St. Joseph's from 1923 to 1925, lived in Gary. Seldom did these three miss a home coming celebration at the college; Mr. Glennon was equally regular at the functions of the Calumet local chapter of which he was an active member. Requiescant!

"Let's revive some of that old college spirit and keep up our end in proportion to what other local Not to be Alumni associations are doing." Whose words? Outdone Those of the Fort Wayne Alumni chapter. What occasion? The basketball game between their Alma Mater and Concordia College at Fort Wayne.

Under the able direction of the committee — Howard Steckbeck, '28, Henry Miller, '34, and Edward Ernst, '13 — the Fort Wayne chapter feted the college basketball teams, both college and high school, on February 27. An entire block of about seventy-five seats was purchased at the Concordia game for

the attending alumni and the members of the high school team. In the afternoon the varsity players, at the expense of Mr. Nagelsen, '09, who so generously footed their bill of admission, watched the Young Cardinals engage in the tournament game.

After the Concordia game, alumni, players, and friends reveled in a little get-together held at the Community Center. In spite of a delicious array of victuals most of the enjoyment was derived from the collegiate atmosphere that pervaded the gathering. Jokes of long ago (especially those on the prefect) were the spice of the assemblage.

Many thanks to you, alumni, for the evening's entertainment. The teams are especially appreciative, and we take this opportunity to extend to you in their name "Thanks a million."

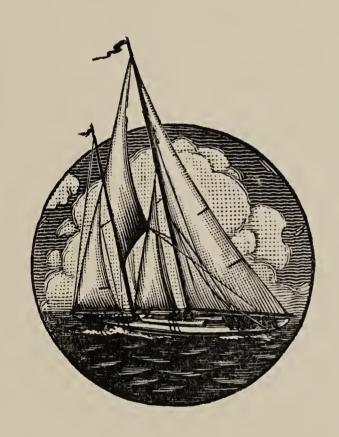
Despite the fact that he is employed as the assistant superintendent of the Cudahy Dry Sausage Factory at Omaha, Nebraska, Norman Liebert, '24, shows no sign of a lack of wit in his recent letter. He rather seems to be up and doing. Besides the executive position he holds in the firm, he likewise coaches and manages the Cudahy Puritan basketball team. The team, made up of ex-college stars who work at the Omaha Cudahy plant, is enjoying quite a successful season as is evidenced by their entrance in the midwest A. A. U. tournament.

ALUMNI

Mr. Liebert in his concluding words says, "I notice the boys are doing nicely in basketball at St. Joe. That's fine. I often think of St. Joe; after being away from the school for 12 years the memo-

ries are always pleasant ones. It's a fine school."

By the way, alumni, it is notices of this kind in which your friends are interested.



CAMPUS

Clubs

Rosen,

The Late Christopher Bean A Comedy in Three Acts By Sidney Howard

Presented by the COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY
College Auditorium, February 22, 1937

Characters Dr. Haggett, Paul Zeller a rural medical man Susan Haggett, Lawrence Moriarty a pretty girl of nineteen Abby, Robert Scheiber the help of the Haggett family Robert Whalen Mrs. Haggett, a woman of citified airs Ada Haggett, Douglas Beach a girl of twenty-six Henry Kenney Warren Creamer, the village painter Tallant, Harry Klapheke a smooth youngish New Yorker

Robert Eisenhauer

This play may be characterized as good. To describe it as exceptional, either as extraordinarily superior or as unusually commonplace would be an exaggeration. Judging again from the reception of it by the audience it was quite definitely a success. And that is judging it not from the applause that was given, for that is too customary a thing, but from the comments and opinions ex-

Maxwell Davenport, Theodore Staudt

an oily, affable Jew

an elderly gentleman

pressed in the discussions that always follow.

The plot of the play is familiar to those who saw the movie of the same name which was current two or three years ago. It is the story of unappreciated artistry, of a man who because his soul was absorbed in painting and because he was not wise in the world of material things and not alive to the sacrosanct rules of social convention and the stereotyped way of life was living in general disfavor and particular abhorrence; whose works after his death served to patch holes in hen-house roofs for those who were blind to their beauty. It is the story too of greed, of a rural doctor and his wife and daughter, common, kind, and generous, who when a twist of fate brings to light the value of the painting, are changed within the space of a few hours into scheming, lying, grasping thieves; a story of the greed of a typical American and of a typical though affable Jew, who, of course, is not to be blamed. It is the story also of faithfulness, of the humble servant, now aging and lonely, who in youth had loved the painter when to love him meant equal opprobrium, who has loved him through the years when love could have no counterpart, who is finally rewarded for her faithfulness by obtaining sole possession of the paintings through the legal prerogatives of her former secret marriage to the now dead painter. Finally it is the inevitable story

of present romance, in the persons of a promising pupil of the old master and the doctor's other daughter, who is at variance with the rest of the family over its method of attempting to acquire the paintings.

Perhaps the most pleasing note of the play was the differentiation of characters; some of the players effected a real interpretation and portrayal of character. Yet the work of the cast evidenced a slight lack of polish, and there was a rather frequent though unnoticed losing of cues, which seemed to be on the general order of the evening. All of this is to be ascribed probably to the shortness of time in preparation and to the shifting of parts that was found necessary long after rehearsals began. Except for extreme dragginess in the first few moments the play ran on quite smoothly throughout.

Paul Zeller, carrying the role of the doctor, gave his usual good performance, although in the second and third acts he slipped a little at times into a similar character which he had portrayed in a preceding play. Lawrence Moriarty, described in the program as a pretty girl of nineteen, presented a realistic picture of a chic young thing, although in the opinion of many he was woefully miscast for the purpose of portraying feminine charm and grace. Personally I thought that same charm and grace verily exuded from his person, and frankly I envied the young painter his position on the stage, but for the nonce, "de gustibus non disputemus." Robert Scheiber, as Abby the servant girl, was perhaps the star of the play. He carried his role with a quiet simplicity and also dignity that so befitted this particular woman with absolute consistency. Robert Whalen, as the doctor's wife, gave through his facial expressions and matronly walk an excellent pantomime of a stern and somewhat churlish woman; his words were indistinguishable beyond the fifth row. To Douglas Beach, with no offense meant, goes the honor of being the most perfect lady, technically speaking, of the play. To take the part of a lady with fidelity as to carriage, actions, and speech is most difficult, and who succeeds in doing it well deserves to be complimented. Henry Kenney was a rather happy-go-lucky nonchalant young artist, in love of course, but somewhat diffidently so. Klapheke throughout the play was a smooth and soft-mannered gentleman, appearing friendly to everyone and trying to ingratiate himself with all, but doing so always with ulterior motives relative to the paintings. Robert Eisenhauer, billed as an oily, affable Jew, was not oily so much as jolly. In his manner of speaking there appeared a peculiar humor which though evidently unconscious was very captivating. Nevertheless he was still a Jew, as was apparent from his business activities. Theodore Staudt carried the role of an elderly gentleman, a famous art critic who passed final judgment on the works of the dead painter.

Preceding the play was the traditional inaugural address of the president of the C.L.S. He spoke on the coming need for eminent Catholic leaders such as philosophers, statesmen, scientists, artists, and professional men, when the crisis between Catholicism and Neo-paganism fore-shadowed by the spread of Materialism, the steady strengthening of the revolutionary social orders of Europe, the worship of science, and the dissolution of morality, is reached. He then described

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

the changes both of nature and of policy which must be effected in our Catholic schools before that need can be adequately satisfied.

Selecting from the repertoire for the music of the evening a rather light program Professor Tonner led the concert orchestra through Sousa's famous march, "Stars and Stripes," appropriate for the occasion, through familiar airs from Herbert's operetta, "Naughty Marietta," and through the stirring, swift-moving "Anvil Chorus" from Il Trovatore. Apparently the orchestra has suffered no serious handicap from the inexperience of the greater part of its members. Our hats are off to these young men and also to Professor Tonner whose baton works such wonders. We are looking forward to the orchestra's appearance at the coming musicale and also to the operetta for which rehearsals are already under way.

MONOGRAM CLUB

Despite the fact that Dick Scharf has not as yet purchased a gavel, the members of the Monogram Club cannot gainsay the fact that as president of the organization, Mr. Scharf has shown a unique ability in adapting himself to the embarrassing situations which not infrequently confront him in the bi-weekly meetings.

As for Mr. Weaver, secretary-treasurer, it has become a mere routine that he pass around the hat to gather a few nickels to purchase new ping-pong balls. It seems that ping-pong balls will not stand the strain caused by the masterful strokes of those budding champions. Mr. Weaver also must be commended for his efficient work in arranging plans for the coming dance.

Within the last few weeks the Monogram Club purchased two floor mats for the ends of the ping-pong table. The slipperiness of the tile made this purchase almost obligatory, provided one wished to remain standing while playing a game.

The Monogram Club wishes to thank all those individuals who helped to make the last raffle a success. Truly it was a success, and you have the word of our moderator, Coach DeCook, that no future raffles will be sponsored by the Club.

Casper Bonifas '37

RALEIGH CLUB

Enjoyment, relaxation and family feeling, the objectives of the Raleigh Club, were all obtained through the program presented on the evening of February 27. This informal entertainment was the best both in quality and variety of all given during this scholastic year. Camaraderie has also intensified during the months since September 14.

Who the best performer was I shall not venture to decide; several merited praise. Andrew Stodola, our serious-faced comedian, presiding as impromptu master of ceremonies, threatened to drive Dick Scharf out of employment. Joseph Lima, the human banjo, and Anthony Ley, the nightingale of Collegeville, were well received, as were Edwin Johnson and Edward Posey at the piano.

Not satisfied with only a program the club also sponsored a bridge tournament. Pleasingly plump Peil, the unique pianist, was the winner; Dick Scharf, Joe Flannery and Cy Gaffney followed in the order given.

Frederick Hendricks '37

Locals

Three days after the Catholic Press Educational Congress at Milwaukee the COLLEGIAN staff con-Study Program ducted a session of its own. Within the four snug walls of our little den of journalistic endeavor Fathers Ley and Speckbaugh, who had attended the convention, gave a digest of the work done there. Two hours of animated discussion followed, which led to the resolution to make a thorough study of Catholic college journals of the literary type before the next Catholic Press Congress. This seemed the more feasible since the newspaper type of college and high school journal seemed to crowd out of the discussions at Milwaukee this higher form of literary production. At once the staff set to work to get as many Catholic college literary journals on its exchange list as possible so that a definite, comprehensive survey can be made. Already several favorable answers to the form letter mailed out have reached us. The staff is grateful for this co-operation.

In the name of all the students the staff expresses sympathy to Eugene Rowland on the death of his father, Feb. 25.

Perhaps old Mr. Groundhog, hearing the chatter of post-semiannual hikers on the morning of Feb-Call of Spring ruary first, chuckled to himself as he stretched and yawned after his winter hibernation. Tomorrow would be his day. Perhaps, too, he smacked his lips as he smelled the odor of frying sausage; a bit of luscious clover would have tasted good just then.

Although next day the furry old prognosticator came forth to cast a long shadow of gloom he failed as egregiously as the almanacs. Even February had its spring-like days; early March discovered baseballs flying and golf enthusiasts wrecking the turf. What matter if a time or two that old mud hog did have his way; generally that exhilarating something in the air prevailed. It can be explained only by naming it the "Call of Spring."

"Come choose your road and away, my lad,

Come choose your road and away! We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,

As it dips to the dazzling day!
It's a long white road for the weary,
But it rolls through the heart of May!
Come choose your road and away,
dear lad,

Come choose your road and away!"

Beginning on Ash Wednesday a special prayer is recited each evening after Benediction for the canonization of Blessed Gaspar, founder of the Society of the Precious Blood, the centenary of whose death is celebrated this year. During the nine days preceding the special feast of the Precious Blood, March 12, a novena in honor of Blessed Gaspar was conducted.

Overheard between Acts

Alumnus: When I was in college I was in the cast of only one play, *Julius Caesar*.

Father Schon: Were you one of the soldiers?

Alumnus: No, I carried the corpse out, or something.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Gentle readers: I thank you for your hearty reception of this worthy or worthless column. The spirit of the boys whose names have graced the pages of the Pin Cushion has been very noteworthy. As yet this so-called columnist is still in one piece. No black eyes have marred the pulchritudinous visage of yours truly. That is the good old St. Joe spirit cropping to the surface. You can all take it, boys, (I hope). It will be a miracle if I survive this issue though. Remember, it is still in good, clean fun.

A certain Casanova from the everpraised metropolis of Akron seems to be slipping. What has happened to the sure Aurora, or in English, fire, or is it misfire, Flash line of tall, dark, and handsome Kihm Burrell? Local gossip seems to indicate that the five and dime heiress "Fleetybelle" has gone off the "Burrell Standard" for a certain sleek hash slinger from Wrights. Tsk, Tsk, Tsk, Burrell will sure miss that ride in from town each night.

"The Song of the "G" Man" dedicated to those who sweat and slave for three hours a day.

(Tune N. D. Victory March)
Rake, rake for the old N. Y. A.,
Pile up the leaves in any old way,
Cut the grass in crooked lines,
As long as it whiles away the time.

T. K. thinks we're working like bees,While we sleep beneath the North Campus trees;We work just like the W. P. A.For we're on the N. Y. A.

Why is it that Frank Kosinski so objects to being called Robert Taylor? Why, it is a well-Such known fact about the Bashfulness campus that he receives dozens, if not hundreds of fan letters each day from ardent admirers all over the country, congratulating him on the resemblance. Frank is bashful about his fan mail, though. He won't even tell us the name of the Rensselaer number who writes him each day. Oh woe — would that we all could look like Robert Taylor.

"Jock" Weyer became so interested in the play, The Night of January 16th, which Father Speck-This is Sumpin' baugh was reading to his ardent group of artists, that he forgot to study his French, and his shadow, the gigantic Mike Tippman, couldn't even get the weekly letter home finished. Now, students, take example from these two. If a class is really worth while drop whatever you are doing and pay attention. Orchids, to you, Jock, and onions to you too, Mike.

The Chesty Thompson Study Club will hold its nightly meeting soon with a noted lecturer from Lecture the campus conducting by Noted the ceremonies. The St. Joe Athlete subject for discussion will be "The Value of Study and Education". Professor Badke, a noted authority on this subject, will conduct the open forum. Professor Barney is well versed on this subject, having practically devoured The Marks of an Educated Man. All should attend.

CAMPUS

Why don't the students stage a class rush in the form of a mud battle or something? Of course Suggestion the fact that I am in charge of the Press Shop hasn't influenced this suggestion in the least, but business has been poor.

It seemed just like old times a few weeks back. A group of us students were lounging in the candy store at the wrong time. Who should surprise us but our old prefect, the new rector, Father Esser. Everything seemed the same, but the little black book was missing. I guess the old urge gets us all now and then.

Dormitory Sayings After Lights Are Out

Beginning

End

(Reviewed by the censor board)

Peil and Flannery should receive a lot of praise from the bridge fans of this school, but from this Plaudits??? columnist they will receive nothing but the well-known Brooklyn Birdie. Did any of you bridge fans ever watch the two of them play together? I thought not.

Well, I have, and their signals are something to behold. Watch Peil tap the pencil, and then watch Flannery give him the Morse code with his eyes. Shame on you, boys, for taking advantage of the innocent fish.

Pairing

Who's that coming down the street, Looks like good old Monga Pete.

(With Mary Robinson)

"Has anybody got a baby carriage? I've got a date next Sunday night."

This columnist knows A Pressing Need this to be a strange request, but "Susie" must be in by ten. Her mother said so. Pals, since I am proprietor of the Pressing Shop maybe you could be of some assistance in a financial way as well as furnishing "Susie" with a proper mode of transportation.

The wise old owl sat in the oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard
Why can't we all be like that wise old
bird?

Don't forget, boys, the Pin Cushion never bellows. It can take it — Can You?

E. J. J. '39



SPORTS

VALPARAISO 49 St. JOE 33

Again the Cards suffered defeat at the hands of a competent, flashy Valpo quintet. The Uhlan victory marked their second triumph over the local five during the present season — the former by a 46 to 39 score.

The outset of the game gave every indication of being a close one as Scharf and Roedel connected from a distance. Soon, however, Valpo's lightning-fast advances, lead chiefly by Karr, began to inflate their score despite the heroic guarding of Yocis who not infrequently did a capable job of checking three Uhlans under their own basket. Meanwhile the Card offense under the influence of Shank, Scharf, and Yocis was producing favorable results, but not fast enough to keep abreast the flying Uhlans. At the half, Valparaiso sported a fourteen point lead, 29-15.

After the intermission the score remained very much the same, even though the Valpo substitutes took over the reins for the greater part. During the last five minutes of play, with substitutes from both squads in the fray, the game degenerated to a helter skelter, slap-slam affair which caused untold mirth among the spectators.

Fierke, Valpo center, captured high scoring honors, with five field goals and as many free throws. He was closely followed by "Wee Willie" Karr, with a five and one count. Shank and Yocis tied for St. Joe laurels, each making nine points.

St. Joe 48 Joliet 18

Joliet was repaid with interest a bill outstanding since January 16, on which date the Cards tumbled to them by a 39 to 50 count. Regardless of the lopsided score of this last game there were thrills aplenty for everyone. The scrapping under the basket for possession of the ball was lively. The ease and grace with which Michalewicz, Gaffney, and in fact the entire Cardinal team tossed the ball through the hoop from any angle or spot on the floor was sensational.

Shank and Badke showed rare form on those follow-through shots. Scharf had an off-night in so far as he garnered only five points, but his defensive work well balanced this deficiency.

Trailing 27 to 8 at the half, Joliet came back in the second period not so strong but very rough. Barney Badke was the first to go out on fouls. He was followed by Shutten of Joliet. Then "Jock" Weyer and Knowles ceased playing basketball momentarily to look daggers at each other. Whereupon the entire Joliet squad rushed to the aid of their friend in out-staring Weyer. But before the contest could be completed the referee banished the two primary contestants from the game. With only a few minutes to play McGrath also committed his fourth oftense and departed. Before any further damage could be done, the timer, James "Phillip" Morris, sounded a merciful horn.

To Ray Michalewicz, in virtue of his five field goals, we bestow high scoring

honors. To Badke and Shank, who were worth nine points each, we say: Nice shootin', boys.

St. Joe 30 Rose Poly 28

The Engineers had things pretty much their own way throughout the initial period as is attested by their 19-8 lead at its close. The Cardinal offense was simply nil. Consequently Rose Poly employed the time to good advantage. Colwell hit thrice from his pivot position; Dusza picked up a couple from the corner; Wodicka put in his lone field goal of the game by means of "ye olde sleeper" play. All things considered, then, Rose Poly was well on the road to victory at the intermission.

But Coach DeCook must have uttered some magic words during the rest period, for the fans saw an entirely transformed Cardinal squad. Scharf turned on the heat with a foreboding long. Gaffney and Badke followed suit. The boys kept gunning away until they knotted the count at 22 all. Then the pace slackened and the see-saw ensued. As the last minute ticked away the score was still even at 28. Scharf finally broke through the desperate Engineers' tight defense, took a bullet-like pass from Yocis, and deposited it in the net.

Colwell's 13 points earned for him the high point position. Scharf rated best man for the Cards on five field goals and one charity toss.

CONCORDIA 33 St. JOE 31

On the last trip of the season, the Cards dropped a to and fro contest to a steady Concordia quintet. At no time during the entire fray did either team hold more than a four point lead. St.

Joe experienced an off color night. Teamwork was at a very low ebb, while on the other hand Concordia played a very smooth game and showed amazing adeptness in finding the hoop at long range.

Baum and Heine, Concordia guards, were the chief offenders of the scoring law in the opening half, the former contributing three field goals and the latter, two. Scharf performed the bulk of the Card's successful shooting duties in this period, with three from the floor and two from the foul line. Dick was likewise St. Joe's high scorer with a grand total of eleven.

Shank and Daniel, opposing centers, gave a skillful exhibition of pivot shooting in the last half. "Spooks" Shank came away with four good ones — only one less than Daniel's high mark.

The Cards captured a momentary lead, 29-28, after the final session was well spent, but Concordia rallied to regain it, 31-29. Then Jenkins drove in for a clever under-the-basket shot. Shank immediately retaliated with a follow tip-in. Whereupon Concordia took possession of the ball and stalled until the gun barked.

St. Joe 44 Taylor University 29 Closing a rather mediocre season the Cards easily defeated Taylor University in a slow-moving game. The first half, as usual, was St. Joe's big spurt, while in the second period they eased up merely counting on Cy Gaffney, who made ten points to keep a fair margin of advantage.

Michalewicz opened the game with two snappy field goals on a fast break and then turned the scoring charges over to Scharf and Shank who began to sink long and short shots at will. Jerry Yocis, though unable to score, played his usual

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

steady game coupled with his spectacular "never-let-them-shoot" guarding. If anyone is to be commended, it is Jerry for his steady floor work all season.

The most interesting feature of the game, besides Fred Jones' unexpected rise to stardom in the last two minutes of play, was the unerring shooting ability of Taylor's star, Staurt. Compiling all but one of his team's field goals he set the high individual scoring record on the home floor this season with a total of 23. He slipped his one-hand shot through every Card on the floor. Taylor was obviously a one-man team, but that one individual was nothing but the best.

Throughout the entire game the Cards exhibited probably the best team work that they have shown this year. St. Joe played "heads-up" ball and worked hard to gain their sixth victory. Better luck next year, Cards!

Robert Gaertner '37

SHOOTING STARS

Name	G.P.	В.	F.	Total
Schari	15	62	18	142
Badke	15	35	26	96
Shank	15	39	10	88
Michalewicz	14	31	12	74
Yocis	15	18	9	45
Gaffney	6	15	6	36
Furst	11	4	3	11
Kleinhenz	6	2	3	7
Jones	3	2	0	4
Moran	9	1	1	3
Weyer	11	1	0	2
Anderson	4	0	0	0

Indiana Conference Standing

	DIMIDING	
Name	W.	L.
Central Normal	12	0
Manchester	16	1

Indiana Central	13	3
Ball State	12	4
DePauw	9	5
Earlham	7	5
Valparaiso	8	7
Franklin	7	6
Concordia	4	4
Indiana State	4	6
St. Joseph's	5	8
Hanover	5	8
Evansville	2	4
Oakland City	3	7
Rose Poly	1	5
Anderson	3	8
Butler	3	8
Huntington	4	11
Wabash	3	10
Taylor	1	14

Pulaski 23 St. Joseph's High 21

The high school quintet received its first set-back of the current season from a fast Pulaski team. The first half was rather dull and uneventful. It ended with the impartial score of nine all.

After the lead had changed several times due to the competition existing between Petit, Cardinal center, and March and Silver, dangerous exponents of one-hand shots, the score once more became fixed at twenty-one up. With less than a minute to play Silver intercepted a Cardinal pass, raced to the opposite end of the floor, and caged the winning basket

Petit and Silver tied for high point honors with eleven apiece.

REYNOLDS HIGH 25 ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH 21

The junior Cards stepped out in the second quarter to pile up a 16-11 lead over the Reynolds quintet, composed mainly of McBeth and P. Petrich, whose

combined shooting produced all but one of the team's eleven field goals. It was during this second quarter that the high school's flashy forward, "Conan" Doyle, romped through the Reynolds' team for three successive baskets which he made in less time than it takes to write this.

The third and fourth periods saw the young Redbirds tire under Reynolds' steady fire and go down to a sad defeat.

St. Joseph's High 29 Monon 15
After a close first half from which the Cards emerged with a 14-10 lead, Petit and Lesch staged a sensational rally to put the game safely on ice. Petit's defensive play reflected disconcertingly in the eyes of the Monon lads. He was also their nemesis by pensively piling up eleven points.

Rensselaer 33 St. Joseph's High 20 Because the seating capacity at the College Gym is limited, the game was played in the Rensselaer Armory under the auspices of the College Athletic Association. Even the Armory was not large enough to seat all the spectators.

St. Joe held a seven point lead at the close of the first quarter, but Bausman's boys warmed up in the next frame to command the lead at half time, 13-12. The Cards had possession of the ball practically all of the first two quarters, but they were so closely guarded by the Indians that they found difficulty in getting an open shot. This was especially true of Petit who was held to three free throws by Anthes, Rensselaer center.

The Indians came back strong and fast in the last two quarters and literally ran circles around the tiring Cards. Hover and Smith showed some amazing bursts of speed in intercepting many Card passes. Harold Eder, Doyle, and Ormsby were the St. Joe crack-shots of the evening. Although Petit was well guarded on the offense, he gave a fine exhibition of how to get the ball off the enemy backboard. The Junior Cards surprised the Indians by their vast improvement over last year's play.

St. Mary's, Anderson 41 St. Joseph's High 20

The first trip to the Catholic High School State Tournament held in Fort Wayne, if not successful was at least enjoyable and educational. All reports indicate that the tournament was a wellconducted one.

Fate, however, was against St. Joe when it selected the defending champs, St. Mary's, to oppose the high school at the very outset. The Cards started out in fine form, holding their own until the second quarter. But after the first period they began to droop in results, though not in effort. Their accuracy was gone to the winds, their team work became divided, and they seemed seized with a bad case of stage fright.

St. Mary's big guns—Sichoche, Tysha, and Welch — began to roll up points. Petit, Ormsby, and Lesch tried desperately to put St. Joe back in the game, but their efforts availed little against a superior quintet. You tried, boys; so smile and forget it.

Baseball Schedule For 1937

May 4 — Manchester College T.

May 8 — Joliet College T.

May 15 — Joliet College H.

May 18 — Central Normal College T.

May 19 — Manchester College H.

May 22 — George Williams College T.

May 26 — Central Normal College H.

May 28 — George Williams College H.

K. C. '37

BE LOYAL

OUR
ADVERTISERS
LEND US
HELP

IT IS
FOR YOU
TO MAKE
THE RESPONSE

THE RITZ

April 11 - 12 - 13

Fernand Gravet - Joan Blondell
Edward Everett Horton
in "THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL

April 14 - 15 Leo Carrillo - Chester Morris in "I PROMISE TO PAY"

April 16 - 17 Richard Purcell — June Travis in "MEN IN EXILE

April 25 - 26 - 27 Wallace Beery — Warner Baxter in "SLAVE SHIP

April 28 - 29

Guy Kibbee – Una Merkel
in "DON'T TELL THE WIFE"

April 30 - May 1 Victor McLaglen - Preston Foster in "SEA DEVILS"

May 2 - 3 - 4
Olivia de Haviland — Ian Hunter
in "CALL IT A DAY"

May 5 - 6

Gloria Stuart — Michael Whalen
in "MARRIED LADY"

May 7 - 8

Bette Davis — Henry Bogart
in "MARKED WOMAN"

THE PALACE

April 11 - 12 - 13

Don Ameche — Ann Sothern
in "FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN"

April 25 - 26 - 27

Lee Dixon — Ruby Keeler
in "READY, WILLING AND ABLE"

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